REAL WEST

TRUE TALES OF THE AMERICAN FRONTIER

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Greatest Indian Fighter... LEW WETZEL

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My name is Alan Feinstein. I write a syndicated newspaper column on ways to save and make money.

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3. I've put this all together into a simple, 12 page Guide. So easy to read and understand . . . you could finish it in 15 minutes and put it right to use!

The Treasure Chest
of Outstanding Opportunities
by Alan Shawn Feinstein

The cost of this amazing Guide, including all the coupons, is only $12.95. But, as a special pre-publication offer, it is being made available to you at just $8.95! And — listen to this — you can even see and examine it first *without paying one cent!*

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As I said, don't take my word for it. See for yourself, without spending a penny . . .

But ACT NOW. This extraordinary offer is definitely limited. It may never be repeated in this publication again! *Don't let it pass you by.*

A wise man once said: "There is so little that's really new and worthwhile in the world that if you do find something, don't let it get away."

The opportunity is here. Now. To see and judge for yourself. Without your risking a penny.

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41 Alhambra Circle, Cranston, R.I.

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41 Alhambra Circle, Dept. RW 7
Cranston, R.I. 02905

Alan, this I have to see for myself. Please send me *How to Make Money Fast,* which includes complete proof of your claims, at the special pre-publication price of only $8.95.

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Alan Shawn Feinstein's column, *The Treasure Chest,* appears in several newspapers. His last book, "Making Your Money Grow," received wide acclaim. He has also written several books on his travels to other lands and is listed in "Who's Who in the East."

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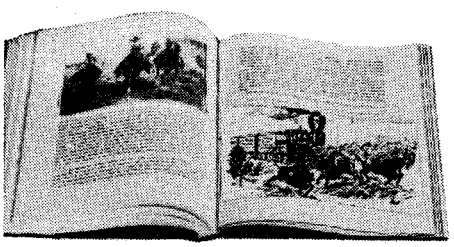

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If you want the current Selections, do nothing; they will be sent to you automatically (a shipping and handling charge is added to each shipment). If you want an Alternate, or no book at all, you simply fill out the enclosed form accordingly and mail it back by the date specified. You'll have at least 10 days to read *Spurs* and decide if you want the Selections. If because of late delivery you should receive Selections without having a 10-day consideration period, you may return them at our expense.

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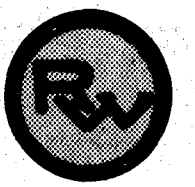

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Volume XVII
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August 1974

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

DEATH OF JOHN YOUNGER
By Carl W. Breihan

●

TOM MIX, FRONTIER BARTENDER
By Sam Henderson

●

JOHN B. CHARLTON - CAVALRYMAN BY CHOICE
By Fred Frank Blalock

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TALL TALES OF MONTANA
By Maurice Kildare

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RATTLESNAKE DICK - LAND PIRATE OF THE PLACERS
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THE AMERICAN INDIAN - HEALTH REMEDIES OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN
By Nono Minor

●

GUNSMOKE GALLERY - THE ZOUAVE RIFLE
By Maj. R.O. Ackerman

TRUE REAL WEST ADVENTURES

8/The Woodstock Disaster
by R.L. Lowe

14/Lew Wetzel: Greatest Indian Fighter
by Norman B. Wiltsey

17/Cowboy Burl
by Maurice Kildare

22/Real West Movie Hall Of Fame - The Big Five
by Mario A. DeMarco

24/THE STORY BEHIND THE SONG - Red River Valley
by Marion Thede and Harold Preece

31/A Prisoner of the Cheyenne
by Sam Bloom

36/A Man for Breakfast - The Story of Aurora, Nevada
by Doris Cerveri

41/Texas Had the First WAC
by A.A. McDonald

48/The Historic Hueco Tanks
by Louise Auer

52/The 49ers Unroyal Order of E. Clampus Vitus
by Clarence M. Fink

58/When Satana Came Home
by Louise Cheney

62/Randsburg's Quick-Action Hero
by Clarence M. Fink

SPECIAL FEATURES

35/The American Indian - Use of Stimulants
by Nono Minor

44/Gunsmoke Gallery - The Swivel Gun
by Maj. R.O. Ackerman

MONTHLY DEPARTMENTS

6/Mail Roundup

46/Editor's Corral

54/Ask Your Questions

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Don't think of Head Start as a baldness preventative. Think of it as the best hair conditioner available. Anywhere.

You'll find that a lot easier to swallow.

Until now the best hair conditioner and baldness preventative went on your head. Now it goes in your mouth.

The last thing you need about your baldness problem is a bunch of bull.

So we're gonna give it to you straight.

The Federal experts say that a majority of baldness cannot be cured. Period. Scientists say this kind of baldness is a result of heredity.

So if you have this kind, we're speaking to the other guys.

Let's be honest with ourselves. Anything you rub on, pour over, or spray in your hair to prevent premature baldness is at best temporary and at worst sheer witch doctory.

The secret actually comes from within. With the kind of proper nutrition that comes from a well balanced diet.

A steady diet of wheat germ oils, fish oils, kelp, raw vegetables, and other super foods that give hair the vitamins, minerals and protein it needs to be the healthiest are not enough. Unless you have the stomach to eat three pounds of calves' liver at a sitting.

Head Start is a vitamin and mineral compound designed to help just one part of your body. Your hair.

Go ahead. Keep taking your multiple vitamins. They have a job to do. But that job isn't Head Start's.

Head Start's job is to keep your hair from starving to death.

Unfortunately as we grow older (as we must) the tiny capillaries start to break down and the top of the head is the first place they start to go. When they break down they are no longer able to carry blood to the roots of your hair. (Fact is, the "frizzies" are one of the first signs that your hair is not only damaged.)

It's dying.

Cosvetic Laboratories developed Head Start to supplement your diet with just the vitamins and minerals (in megadoses) that major nutritionists believe are responsible for healthy hair in men and women alike. Ordinary commercial vitamin compounds will not keep your hair alive. Only Head Start has the proper vitamins and minerals in the right doses for the healthiest possible hair.

Is Head Start an effective baldness preventative?

In cases other than hereditary baldness there's nothing mysterious about balding. It occurs for the same reason that dry, unconditioned hair does and it's not limited to men. (You'd be surprised at how many well-groomed women in couture dresses hide thinning hair beneath a wig.)

In fact, 7,000,000 women in America today suffer from a hair and scalp disorder.

A disorder that could be correctable.

After more than two years of testing, Head Start users state that Head Start can arrest balding, condition hair—and in some cases new growth has actually begun.

The catch? Just one. Like most good things for your body, including dieting, you have to do it conscientiously over a period of time.

Do yourself a favor. Start using your head. And your mouth.

You have nothing to lose but your hair by waiting. If you act now you can take advantage of our special introductory offer in the coupon below. Frankly, we're selling Head Start faster than we can make it. So send in your coupon today. Our present supply is limited.

Your satisfaction is unconditionally guaranteed.

Try Head Start for 30 days. If you feel that the results are unsatisfactory—and you be the judge—return the unused portion and we'll return your money.

New Head Start Shampoo, with enzyme treated protein, and Vitamin E helps keep your hair on the road to recovery.

It would be a shame to use a shampoo that would leave your hair dry and brittle after all that effort. Head Start Shampoo is a mild protein shampoo containing 10 conditioning ingredients plus enzyme treated protein and Vitamin E. We guarantee it to be the best protein shampoo on the market.

This offer is limited. Order as soon as possible.

Special introductory offer. $2.00 off on your first order of Head Start. Plus a free booklet on *proper hair care*.

Please send me_____ bottles of Head Start at $7.95 (reg. $9.95) plus 75¢ for handling. If I am not satisfied, you agree to return my money.

Head Start Shampoo.

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MAIL ROUNDUP

Tell It To RW, Charlton Building, Derby, Connecticut

LAST STAGE COACH ROBBERY

Dear Mr. Dunne:

While reading every word in the January REAL WEST (as usual), I noticed you gave V. Porte of Ensenada, Mexico the wrong answer regarding the last stage robbery in the West. I hope this will be of help to V. Porte, and to you.

The last stage robbery in the U.S. was a badly botched affair conducted by a lone gunman. The location was the Coon Creek Summit-Bear Creek Summit Road, a short distance out of Jarbidge, Nevada. The date was December, 1916. The stage was enroute from Elko, Nevada to Idaho via Jarbidge. On board was $3,000 in cash as well as several sacks of mail.

The bandit killed the driver, Fred Searcy, and propped the body up in the coach seat. He grabbed the loot and fled to a nearby river, leaving a trail anyone could follow. At the river he hurriedly washed his hands to remove the blood and began to scatter letters around, searching for cash.

He was captured quickly, and his trial was one of the first in this country to have fingerprint evidence (bloody prints on the letter envelopes) admitted into court.

To the best of my knowledge, the loot was never recovered. Dozens of treasure hunters have searched — unsuccessfully.

Happy Trails.

John A. Kelly,
P.O. Box 475,
Battle Mountain, Nevada 89820

SETS JAMES RECORD STRAIGHT

Dear Mr. Book:

I read with much interest your letter in the January issue of REAL WEST and can heartily agree with you that the Stiles story of his being at Northfield is not true. But what I am trying to determine is where you placed me in the category of people interviewing this old fellow. I never did nor had any inclination to do so.

I don t know who this Stiles was, but he certainly was not at Northfield; Bill Chadwell, the Minnesota man, was using the name of Bill Stiles as an alias, as was Charlie Pitts who used the alias of Sam Wells. I knew members of the Wells family very well and know this is also true. There was a real Bill Stiles, an Arizona outlaw who operated with Burt Alvord and others in various holdups. He was not the man whom Earle Repp talked to, that's for sure. After Stiles escaped from the Tombstone jail, he fled to Mexico.

My information about the missing fingertip did not come from Repp or faker Stiles. It came direct from Jesse James' son to me and also from Frank's son to me personally. It was reported to me by Jas. H. James that his father and two of his brothers all became doctors with Dr. George James coming to Claysville, six miles from the James farm. Dr. Wm. James settled at Lawson, Ray Co., Mo., and Dr. Jas. H. James (my informant's father) settled at Elimra, Ray Co., Mo. Dr. George James treated Jesse James for this injured finger after the boy had accidentally dropped a pistol which discharged, injuring that finger. When Jesse was killed Dr. James went to St. Joseph, Mo. and on his return told his brother Dr. Wm. James, "It was Jesse, all right. I immediately saw the finger that I had dressed when he was a boy."

I appreciate your comments about my work, and I shall continue to do all in my power to report these facts about the Jameses or anyone else as I find them and verify them, one way or another. You will also note that I have had published stories in RW concerning many other subjects, not related to the James matter. However, I feel that any new facets dealing with their lives, or new photos that are located, this information should be written about. I hope you will continue to read my work and to comment on it either in the magazine or to me directly.

With best wishes.

Sincerely
Carl W. Breihan
St. Louis Missouri

ERROR NOTED IN SONG, "UTAH CARL"

Dear Editor:

There's an error in the third verse of "Utah Carl," page 6, May issue, '74. I don't know if the error is in my manuscript or in that of your printers. In either case someone is certain to complain about that lost line, so here is the third verse as it reads in the "Utah Carl" song:

We rode the range together
We rode it side by side:
I loved him as a brother
And wept when Utah died.

REAL WEST does not make many errors so it is possible that the mistake is in my own arrangement.

The Real West is Real ...

E.R. Pierce
Rt 1 Box 385,
Ozark, Ark 72949

It was our error. Printer got 10 lashes!!!

ANYONE HEAR OF NANCY McINTYRE?

Dear Sir:

A short time ago I came across a book entitled, *Nancy MacIntyre: A Tale of the Prairie* by Lester Shepard Parker. The copy I saw was a reprint by someone in Dallas, Texas who is now deceased. He was interested in the book, found the plates in Kansas and published 500 or so copies which he distributed free to friends. The story is in verse and I would guess it was published before 1900.

I would like to find out the publisher, place in Kansas of publication and the date. Also I would love to know anything about Lester Shepard Parker. The story is about Nancy, who was quite a girl — wears a cartridge belt around her waist — and she saves the hero from a bad situation or two, and in the end runs the villain off from the Kansas homestead herself. The hero gets there late — as usual.

Mrs. Joyce Roach,
Box 143,
Keller, Texas 76248

Can any of the readers help Mrs. Roach? We have not heard of the book, but it sounds like a real rare one. ●RW

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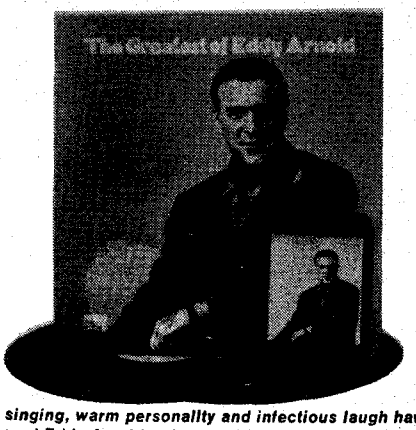
THE GREATEST OF EDDY ARNOLD



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By R. L. Lowe

THE WOODSTOCK

From the collection of Francis and Freda Rizzari

Victims and passengers of the Woodstock, Colorado snowslide. The passengers of the train watched helplessly as the avalanche wiped out the town of Woodstock. Only two survived. 13 were buried and died.

Snow had been falling heavily since the beginning of the month, but March 10, 1884 began as a bright and cheerful day, the sun glowing in a clear sky over upper Quartz Creek, touching the tiny railroad settlement of Woodstock, Colorado with a golden, although chilly light.

To the south, between Brittle Silver Mountain and Mount Paywell, Tomichi Pass, deep in snow, could be seen with great clarity, and to the east, on the other side of Sherrod Loop, towered the forbidding Palisades below Mount Chapman, the 3-ft-gauge track of the Denver, South Park and Pacific Railroad clinging precariously to the steep mountainside as it wound its way up Tunnel Gulch to Altman Pass and the great Alpine Tunnel that burrowed beneath the Continental Divide at an altitude of 11,940 feet.

Nothing on that crisp and sunny morning suggested tragedy. Nothing hinted that before nightfall the little town of Woodstock would cease to exist and thirteen lives would be snuffed out.

Certainly the Woodstock station master, J.S. Brown, had no premonition of calamity as, smoking one of his favorite Long Nines, he tapped the key of his telegraph to inform company officials at Gunnison and Como that all was well and that the section men were hard at work keeping the tracks free and open. It was important to the company that the line be kept clear: business was exceptionally good, because the only other railroad line between Denver and the Gunnison Valley, the Rio Grande, was completely blocked by snow at Marshall Pass. To keep traffic moving, Brown was advised, two coupled engines were on their way from Pitkin, "bucking snow," and would arrive at Woodstock by mid-morning. Brown was glad to hear this, for more snow was expected the next day and the section men, in charge of Mike Shea, an experienced and capable mountain railroad man, would need help.

Shea and his pumper, George Alexander, were just checking the Woodstock water tank when the breakfast call sounded at the section house.

"Come on, Mike," Alexander said, "the tank's all right."

Shea did not answer right away. He was looking intently at the mountainsides that rose steeply upwards all around the settlement. Did he see any signs of danger?

"Sure, there's the devil of a lot of snow up there, George," he said.

Alexander laughed. "Least we won't have to shovel that

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DISASTER

On March 10, 1884, the trackmen clearing the snow off the railroad right-of-way were happy on the mild spring day. Spring was near but ... most of them wouldn't live to see it!

away."

On their way back to the section house, they were joined by Joe Gerozo, one of the section men who had been working on the line itself.

"What do you think, Mike? Will she snow again today?"

Mike squinted at the sun suspended in a cloudless sky. "You never know, but it don't look like it right now, Joe."

None of the three men knew that before seven o'clock that night they would all be dead...

Woodstock, at one time, had been a place of some small importance, both as a base for scores of prospectors who were hoping to find silver and other valuable minerals in Brittle Silver Basin and upper Quartz Creek, and as end-of-track during the building of the last 3.3 miles to the West Portal of the Tunnel. It had a population of about 200 and had played its part in the race to beat General Palmer's Denver and Rio Grande to link the Gunnison Valley and Denver by rail. The Rio Grande had taken the "easy way" over Marshall Pass, where the maximum grade did not exceed 4%, and had beaten the Denver, South Park and Pacific, but the Tunnel was now paying off: as long as the approaches could be kept clear, the Tunnel could not be closed by snow. Whether this advantage justified the great expense and the superhuman effort it had taken to build it is another matter.

At any rate, work on the Tunnel had begun in January 1880, and hundreds of men had toiled for 700 days, in sub-zero cold and in the scorching heat of summer, to extract 2000 cubic yards of dirt and 14000 cubic yards of hard rock from below Altman Pass. Overcoming all obstacles, they had dug a passage 1771.7 ft. long, 14 ft. wide and 25 ft. in height under the Continental Divide. The cost had been close to $300,000 — and in those days a dollar had still been worth a dollar!

When the first train had chugged through the Tunnel on July 19, 1882, Woodstock had had every reason to be proud of its role: enormous amounts of freight had been marshalled there, and the slopes encompassing the little community had supplied uncounted railroad ties for the engineers, to say nothing of the food, shelter and warmth it had provided for the construction gangs. However, by 1884 Woodstock consisted of hardly more than a telegraph-station office, a water tank, a coaling platform, a small saloon and a few cabins and shacks ... and, of course, a boarding house.

Over this presided a friendly, sturdily built woman by the name of Mrs. Marcella Doyle, a widow and the mother of six children. Mrs. Doyle was much admired by the railroad men, not only because she was a marvelous cook, but also because of the cheerful and determined way in which, as a woman on her own, she fended for her family.

From the collection of Francis and Freda Rizzari

Course of the Woodstock snowslide, March 1884.

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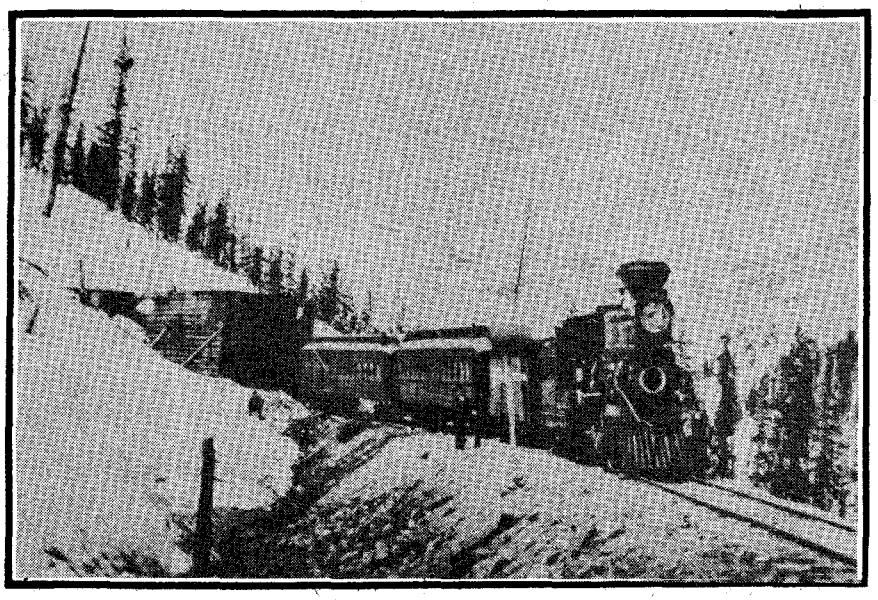

State Historical Society of Colorado

A Denver, South Park and Pacific Railroad train at Alpine Tunnel.

As Shea, Alexander and Gerozo entered, Mrs. Doyle looked up from her great red-hot range. Even in her old, work-worn calico dress with its high neck and long sleeves, she was a handsome woman.

"What kept you boys so long? Aren't you hungry?" she called out.

"Couldn't find the way in the dark I guess," Shea kidded.

"Well, you'll just have to polish up that old sun a bit," Mrs. Doyle laughed as she lifted one of her big iron skillets off the range and began to heap up an appetizing mound of sausages and bacon on a great china platter.

J.S. Brown, the station master, Jasper M. Caswell of Tomichi, and a man called Jim Tracy were already seated at one of the big tables where they were being served by Katy Doyle, aged 18, and Celia Dillon, very smart in a new waist from Denver. Celia was engaged to be married to Mrs. Doyle's son, Martin, who also worked for the railroad. A number of men including Joe Royengo, the saloon keeper who took his meals at Mrs. Doyle's, and one or two of the other section hands were eating at a second table. Another of Mrs. Doyle's children, Maggie, aged 12, was refilling their mugs with steaming black coffee.

"Careful now, Maggie," Royengo warned her with mock severity. "Don't spill a drop; your Ma makes the coffee so strong it'd burn a hole in the table."

"That's more than I could say of your whisky, Joe," Mrs. Doyle shot back.

This produced a rich burst of laughter because, rightly or wrongly, Royengo was suspected of occasionally watering the liquor he sold.

Later that morning, a man by the name of Eugene H. Teats with two companions set out from Sargents with the intention of hiking to Woodstock by way of White Pine and Tomichi Pass in order to board the train to Denver which was due to arrive at Woodstock at about 5:30 p.m. They reached the top of the pass about the middle of the afternoon. The weather had changed: a strong wind had sprung up and it had begun to snow again, not heavily, but enough to cause the three hikers to quicken their paces to avoid being caught in the open should a snow storm develop. Away down in the distance they could see the little houses of Woodstock, with their friendly promise of hot food, warmth, and a bit of a rest.

"What do you think, Gene? Will we make the train?"

With some difficulty, Teats extracted his Waltham from his heavy clothing. "Yeah, we'll make it by four-thirty, easy," he answered his friend, "but we'll have to keep moving, Tom."

Teats had estimated the time of their arrival almost exactly. The kitchen clock showed four-fifteen, and Mrs. Doyle had just put on the potatoes for the evening meal while Celia Dillon, with Maggie's help, was polishing the Argand lamps when the three travelers walked in.

"Remember me, Mrs. Doyle?" Teats called from the door.

"You're from White Pine, aren't you?"

"Near enough."

Teats introduced his companions and soon the three men were enjoying hot coffee and thawing out around the stove.

Because of the steadily rising wind and the increasing snowfall, the Denver-bound train, consisting of two diamond-stack engines, one combination passenger and one Pullman as well as a baggage car, drew into Woodstock about half an hour behind schedule. Earlier in the day, J.S. Brown had advised operators down the line that a storm was in the making, but it was decided, nevertheless, to let the train proceed.

After the train had taken on water, been checked over and the three White Pine men had arranged for their Pullman berths, Brown notified the station at Alpine Tunnel and the train started off on the steep grade to West Portal. Puffing up Missouri Gulch, it rounded Sherrod Loop and began to climb towards the Palisades and Tunnel Gulch beyond. However, it had not progressed very far when a deep cut, completely filled with hard-packed snow, brought it to a halt. The engineer in charge of the train backed off and then tried to buck a way through, but to no avail: the train was stalled.

From the window of their car Teats and his friends could see not only the tracks as they curved sharply behind them but also Woodstock in the valley below.

"Hope we're not going to be stuck here all night," Teats said gloomily

"If we do, we'd have been better off at Mrs. Doyle's."

Suddenly, a deep rumbling filled the air, followed almost at once by a full-throated roaring and crashing that sounded like the simultaneous explosion of a thousand cans of black powder.

"What's that?"

"The whole mountain's moving!"

It was true! An enormous mass of snow, possibly dislodged by the strong vibrations of the train, had started to slide down the mountainside, immediately behind the train. It tore away everything in its path—rocks, pine trees, bushes and telegraph poles simply vanished in a great white tide of tumbling snow as the huge avalanche swept down hill. Within a few seconds it had crossed the tracks. Gathering speed, it poured across the gulch and thundered down upon Woodstock, devouring, pushing down, crushing every cabin, every house, every structure in the place and burying every living soul beneath its deadly, suffocating weight.

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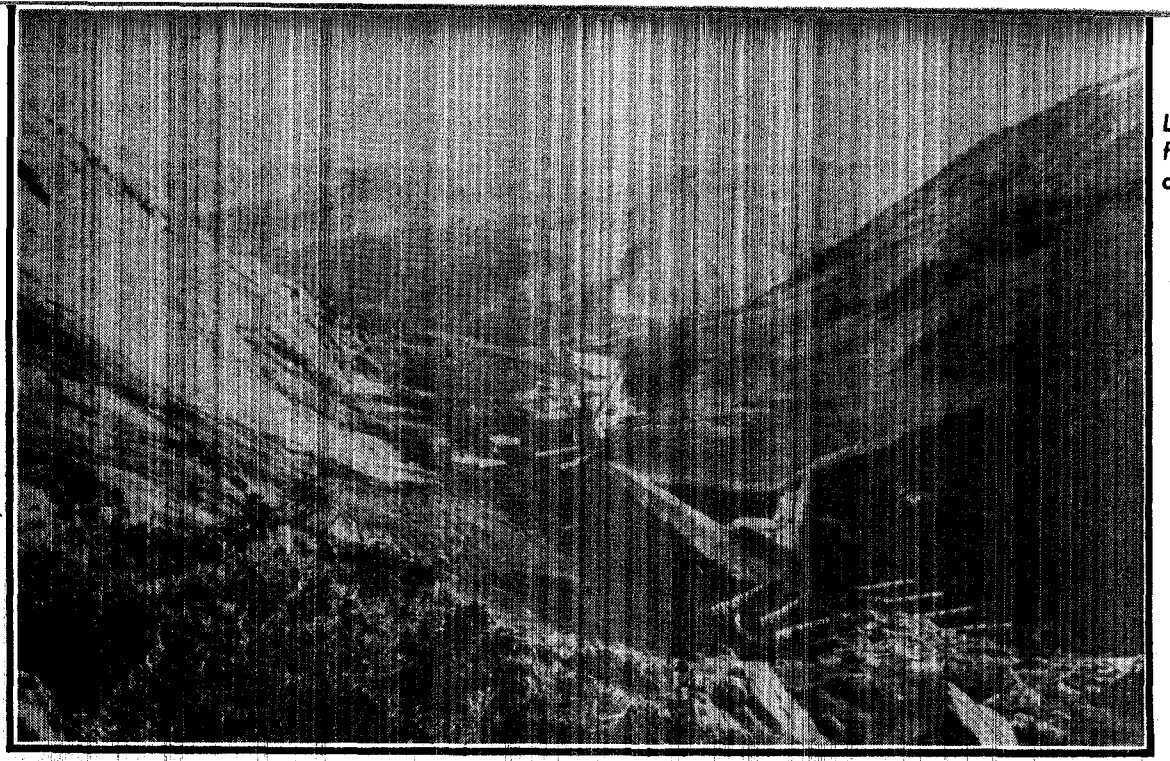


State Historical Society of Colorado

Looking west from the summit of Alpine Pass.

Absolutely powerless to help, the men in the snow-bound train watched in fearful silence. There were no words to match the terrifying spectacle. All night they sat there, trapped, as the icy winds howled through the valley and the snowflakes swirled about the train.

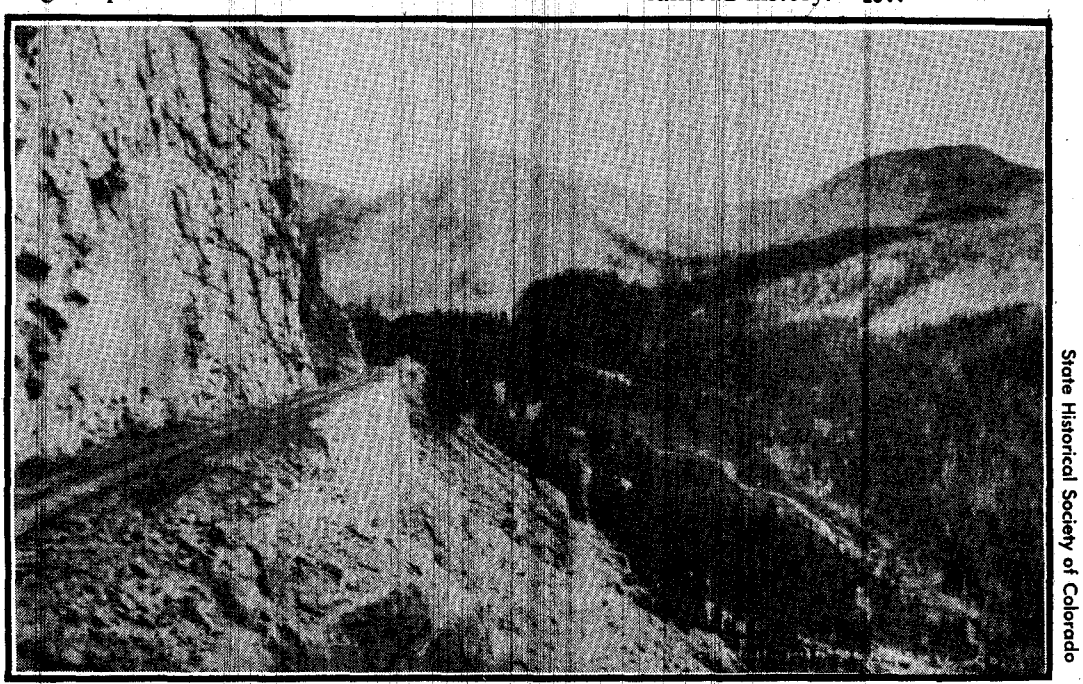
Rescue operations could not begin until daylight. A man whose name has unfortunately not been recorded ran the ten miles to Pitkin, the next stop down the line, and reported the disaster. A relief party including both men and women was immediately organized by the citizens and set off up the tracks in the hope of rescuing anyone still left alive at Woodstock.

According to the *Salida Weekly Mail* of March 15, 1884, the Pitkin relief party managed to dig two persons out alive from beneath the wreckage—Celia Dillon and Mrs. Doyle — but everyone else who hade been in Woodstock on the evening of March 10 had been killed. Mrs. Doyle had lost all of her six children — Martin, Andra, Katy, Marielles, Maggie and Christopher — and of the railroad men, J.S. Brown, Mike Shea, George Alexander and Joe Gerozo had forfeited their lives. Two other men, Jasper M. Caswell and Jim Tracy, had also perished, as had Joe Royengo, the saloon keeper. The bodies of Gerozo and Brown were never found, and that of Royengo was not located until July, 1885 when it was discovered inside the water tank into which it had somehow been hurled by the avalanche.

The dead were taken to Pitkin on roughly made sleds, and an inquest was held by Justice Shumate on March 13. There the tragic incident officially ended, though in the minds of Mrs. Doyle, Celia Dillon and of the relatives and friends of those who had been killed it lived on for the rest of their lives.

They never rebuilt Woodstock, and about the most solid remnants that can be seen of it today are the foundation stones of the old water tank. Its only memorial is a little sign recording its former existence.

As for the Alpine Tunnel itself, it remained intermittently in operation until October 1910, when it was finally closed after 28 years of eventful and dramatic mountain railroad history. ●**RW**



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Palisades through Alpine Pass on D, SP and P railroad

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✻ Selections marked with a star are not available in reel tapes

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216655 JOHNNY MATHIS All-Time Greatest Hits (COLUMBIA)
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201251 MARTY ROBBINS GREATEST HITS, VOL. 3 (COLUMBIA) Devil Woman, etc.
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P61/874

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LEW WETZEL: Greatest Indian Fighter

By Norman B. Wiltsey

Modern small fry, staring goggle-eyed at the highly fictionalized television exploits of legendary American frontiersmen, have likely never heard of Lew Wetzel — greatest frontiersman and Indian fighter of them all. Yet Lew Wetzel did more to open the vast, Indian-haunted wilderness of the Ohio frontier to white settlers than any other man in history.

President Theodore Roosevelt called Wetzel "a one-man army, the greatest scout, woodsman and Indian fighter in America's history." Lavish praise indeed, but over a crucial 12-year period, from 1778 to 1789, Wetzel was all President Roosevelt claimed him to be.

Unburdened with family or property since the massacre of his father and older brother by the Indians in 1778, Lew roamed the frontier on a two-fold mission: to avenge his father and his brother, and to warn outlying settlers of the danger of roving war parties. Often his tall, lean, buckskin-clad figure appeared suddenly after nightfall at some remote cabin to inform the occupants of impending danger and escort them safely by some secret woods trail known only to himself to the nearest fort or blockhouse.

No record was ever kept of the exact number of Indians killed by Wetzel in his insatiable lust to avenge his slaughtered father and brother, since he hunted alone and never mentioned his victims except briefly in hatred or contempt. The Indians themselves never revealed the extent of their incredible losses to this merciless executioner who trapped them in fiendishly clever snares or deadfalls, destroyed their corn and bean crops by fire, and shot them from ambush at astoundingly long range with his long-barreled Deckhard rifle.

Bowing to the inevitable, as to a scourge sent by the Great Spirit to destroy them for some unknown and terrible sin, the four harried tribes of Shawnees, Delawares, Wyandots and Mingoes suffered Wetzel's ruthless depredations in stoical resignation. They believed him to be "touched by the finger of the Above One (insane)", and there is little doubt that they were right. Each tribe had a name for the swarthy, black-haired, wild-eyed avenger.

The Delawares called him Death-wind, because of the eerie, wailing cry he sent shivering through the forest whenever he killed. The Wyandots knew him as

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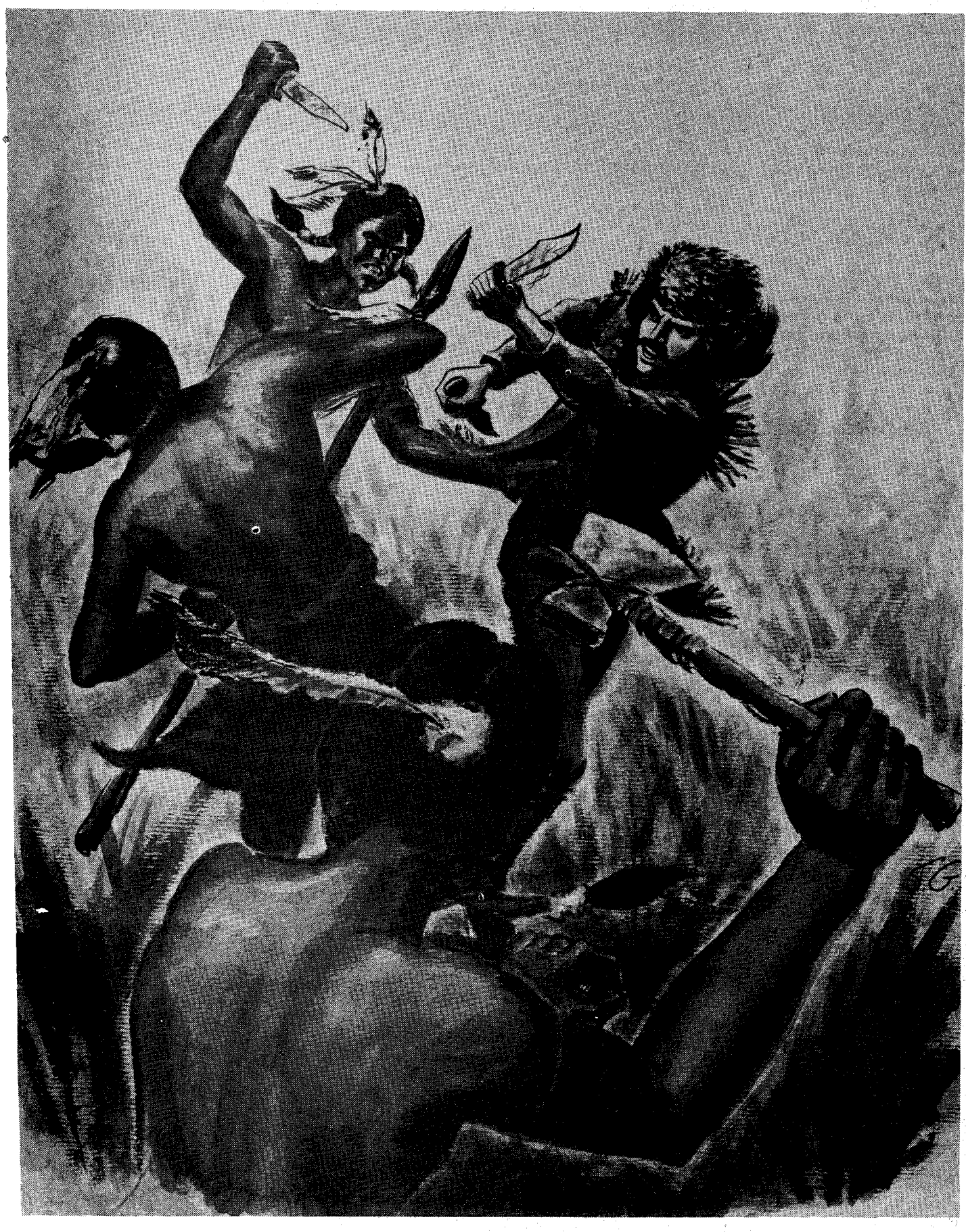

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Oughscanoto, "The Deer," in admiring tribute to his astonishing fleetness of foot. Shawnee mothers quieted unruly children by singing to them of the "Dark Destroyer" who prowled the black forests at night and never tired of killing Indians. The warlike Mingoes branded Lew with an unpronounceable epithet that meant simply "He - Whose - Gun - is - Always - Loaded".

This last appellation was in recognition of Wetzel's uncanny dexterity in reloading his rifle while running through heavy timber at top speed. Many a forgetful warrior raced whooping after the tall hunter as soon as his flintlock was discharged, only to have Lew whirl suddenly and blast him down with an unerring bullet. In some instances, a second brave had charged Wetzel immediately after a companion had been shot down, only to fall victim to the throwing knife Lew carried in a buckskin sheath behind his left shoulder.

Not once, so far as can be determined from the scanty records, was Lew ever wounded on his lone forays. Holing up by day and traveling at night, he was almost never seen by the Indians on his stealthy invasions of their territory. He never fired his rifle at game, living solely on the jerky he carried with him and on edible fruits, nuts, roots and berries. He never lighted a campfire, even in the most inclement weather, so there was no way of detecting his presence. A master woodsman, he left no trail that even the best trackers could discover. In short, he seemed to be a disembodied evil spirit, and so the Indians came to regard him as the years passed and his kill-count mounted.

Even when he was rarely discovered, Lew was not pursued very far, since he had a devilish habit of circling back on his own trail to kill the old men and boys left behind in the warriors' camps and putting a torch to their lodges. He was a raging fiend incarnate to all Indians with whom he came in contact, and all their efforts to destroy him came to naught.

Only a few of Wetzel's bloody exploits can be authenticated, since he usually operated his solitary campaign of vengeance far from the inhibiting fringes of civilization. Yellowing records tell of his feat in tracking down and killing "The Red Sniper of Wheeling" in the year 1784, giving a chilling glimpse of this terrible man-hunter in action.

Returning to the frontier after one of his successful scalp-hunts west of the Ohio, Wetzel found the backwoods settlement of Wheeling, West Virginia in a turmoil of fear and excitement over the murderous activities of an Indian sniper in the area. Wild rumor pictured the red murderer as being a veritable giant armed with an arsenal of weapons. Actually — since the killer had not been seen — the only facts available to Wetzel were these: Four men had been killed while hunting wild turkeys in the nearby woods. Each had been shot with a rifle instead of the usual bow or smoothbore trade musket generally carried by Indians. This much had been determined by the examination of the scalped and stripped bodies of the victims.

Exploring the heavily wooded section where the killings had taken place, Lew quickly spotted a small cave about 100 feet up the sheer face of a rocky cliff. The cave, accessible only from above, provided a perfect sniping position. Too wary to risk scaling the cliff from the rear and climbing down to the inviting cave, Wetzel decided to wait a few hours and keep an eye on it. Hiding in the thick brush 50 yards out from the base of the cliff, the hunter began his lonely vigil.

Most of the day passed with nothing happening to justify Lew's suspicions, yet he still "smelled Injun". Finally, near sunset of the long, tranquil afternoon, at the hour when a hunter would be most apt to be out for turkeys, Wetzel tried a ruse of his own. He began tramping noisily through the brush below the cave exactly as a careless hunter might have done, pausing every minute or two to whistle loudly to an imaginary dog.

Suddenly, from the ominous crevice high on the cliff face clearly sounded the gobble of a turkey. Lew flattened, whipping up his rifle to cover the cave. There, framed in the cave's mouth, he saw the familiar, roached topknot and hawklike painted visage of a Shawnee brave. Before the Indian marksman could spot his target in the dense brush below his aerie, Wetzel shot him through the heart. The warrior's body plunged down the face of the cliff, landing almost at his slayer's feet. Lew was on him in a flash, his long knife ripping off the scalp.

Later, from the cave itself, Wetzel recovered the clothes, scalps and guns of the four white men the crafty Shawnee had lured to their deaths with his ancient stratagem.

Like many famed fighting men before and after his time in history, Lew Wetzel was not psychologically geared to peace. When the Ohio Indian wars were halted by treaty in 1789, Lew simply went on killing Indians whenever and wherever he found them.

Yet Lew craftily avoided a direct clash with the soldiers until one autumn afternoon in 1790 when he shot and killed a Delaware scout attached to General Josiah Harmar's command. The Delaware's wife heard Death-wind's kill-cry quivering through the forest and ran from her lodge to find the scalped body of her husband. General Harmar was furious when he heard the woman's sobbing story, and he promptly ordered Wetzel's arrest on a charge of murder.

Soldiers went reluctantly to Lew's cabin at night and found the scout asleep in his bunk. Lew went quietly with them until they reached the river trail along the bank of the Ohio that led to General Harmar's headquarters. Here, Wetzel broke away in the darkness, jumped into the river and escaped. It is presumed that the hero-worshiping soldiers didn't try very hard to hold him.

Driven from his home country, Lew Wetzel swam the Ohio and fled unarmed through hundreds of miles of wilderness to seek sanctuary in Spanish Louisiana. The suspicious authorities, professing to believe that he was an American spy on a secret mission for the U.S. Government, arrested him in New Orleans and imprisoned him without trial.

Realeased after four miserable years of solitary confinement that ruined his rugged health and broke his fiery spirit, Wetzel drifted to Natchez. There, forgotten by the lustily expanding nation he had fought so ruthlessly to protect, the great scout died in 1808 — a broken, embittered old man at 45.

His preacher friend said sadly of him: "His hate destroyed him, as surely as it had destroyed the hundreds of Indians he killed." ●**RW**

REFERENCE SOURCE: *Lew Wetzel, Frontier Scout*, by Capt. Jack Graham, privately printed, New York, 1859.

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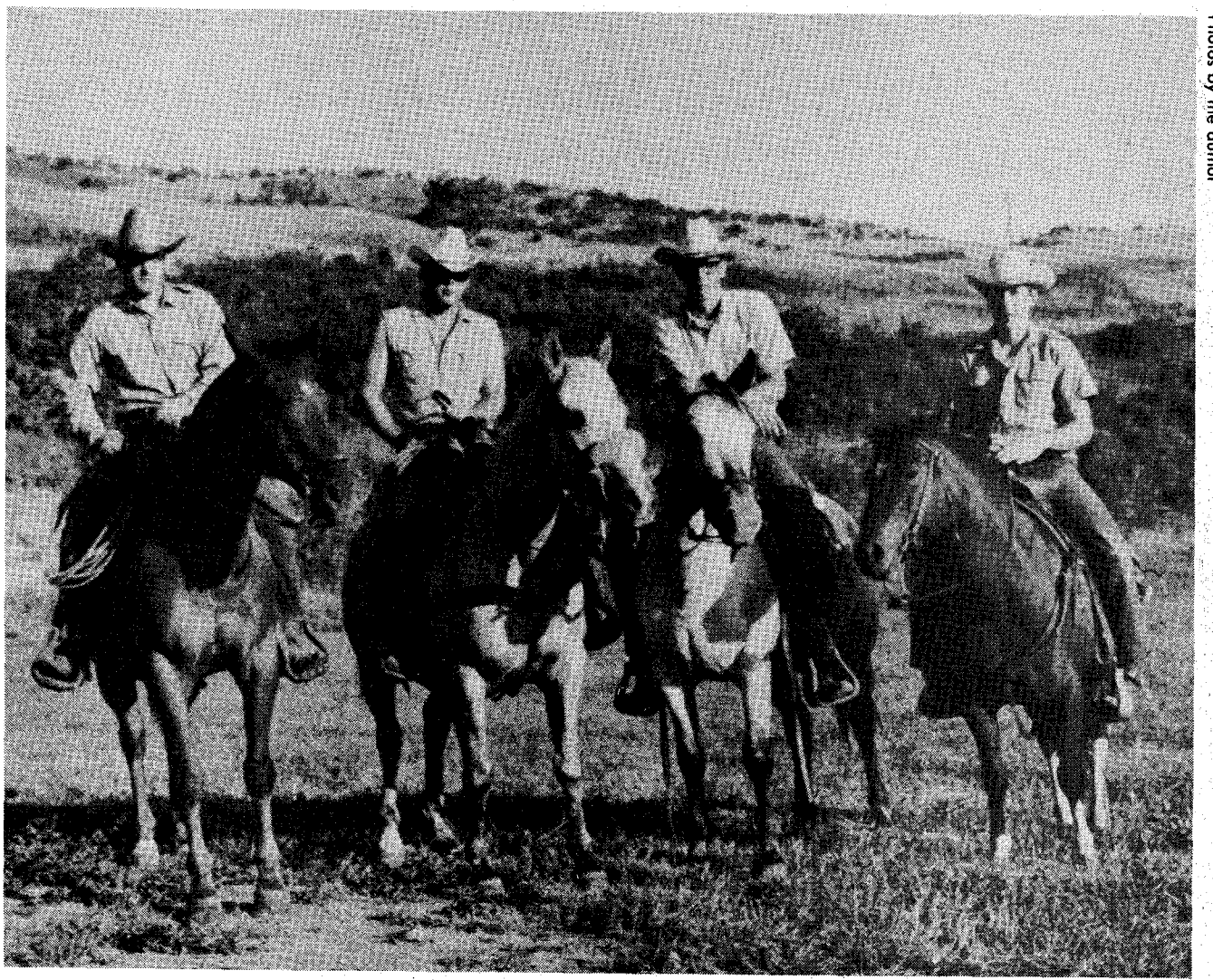
COVER STORY

COWBOY BURL

By Maurice Kildare

A factual account of the life of a modern-day cowboy in Montana. Cowboy Burl is majoring in animal husbandry at Montana State University, learning how to raise better cattle scientifically.



Photos by the author

Tough cowboys heading out to move cattle. Cowboy Burl Cobb, strawboss Ray Hanson, Johnny and Mike Cobb.

The half-broken, red-brown gelding that Cowboy Burl forked suddenly bolted. It refused to rein, thundering at high speed through the hay meadow along Ford Creek, crow-hopping and pitching sideways occasionally.

Looming ahead were board and wire fences enclosing the haystack and feed lots of the Lazy AC ranch. It seemed certain the suddenly-gone-bronco running horse was going to crash through into the buildings or hay stacks, killing itself and the rider.

Cowboy Burl's father, A.B. Cobb, Jr., ran out of the hay lot, yelling at the top of his voice and waving his hat in a desperate attempt to swerve the horse aside from a dangerous crash. During those tense seconds, while life hung in the balance, Cobb himself could have been a victim.

Cowboy Burl was then only fifteen years old. But he had been trained well and was slowly bringing the horse under control. But would it be soon enough?

He spurred viciously while hauling the mad horse's head in under its neck. The punishment of raking gut hooks and inability to "get" its head again forced the animal to slow and swerve right, finally answering the command of the split reins. The horse calmed down abruptly, lathered and breathing hard, with no accident occurring.

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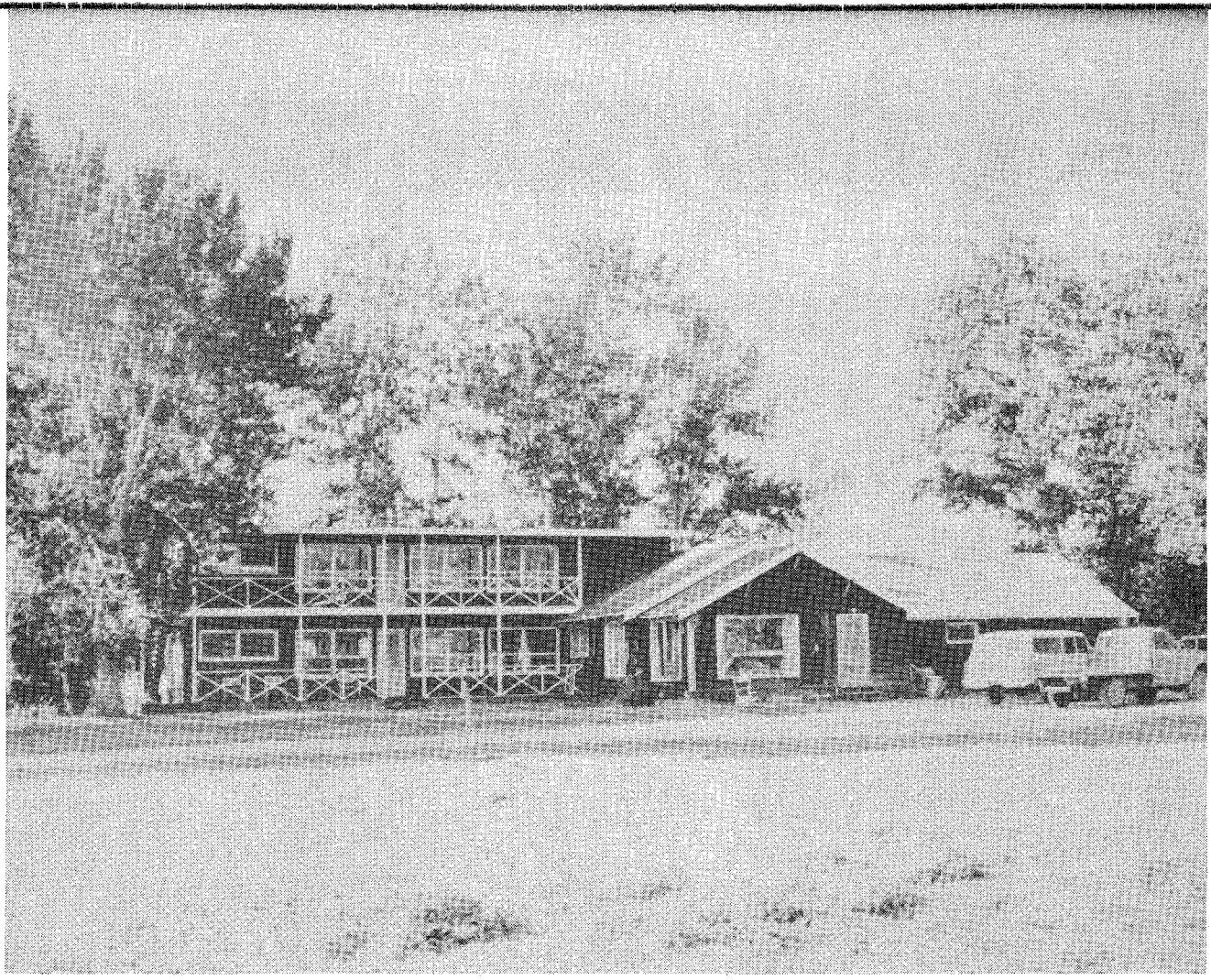

Photos by the author

The Lazy AC Ranch Headquarters on Ford Creek in the foothills of the Lewis and Clark Mountains, Montana.

Alfred Burl Cobb, 3rd, was born on a cattle ranch and has spent his twenty years on it near Augusta, Montana. From the time he could walk and talk, he was lifted onto gentle riding horses. He always wanted to be a cowboy, hence he was called "Cowboy Burl".

When he was tall and old enough, he was taught to saddle his own horses and take care of them. Step by step he learned the intricate technicalities of the modern cowboy's trade. He has done nothing but work with cattle and go to school.

Cowboy Burl is not, of course, anything like the old rough and tough cowboy who began doing a man's work at the same age he started in; romantic days of "head 'em out" have long been gone. It is a new era of cowboying and economically advanced technology raising cattle. The business is proving to be more fascinating and professionally exacting. Also, it is far more costly than rounding them up, "chewing tobacco, spitting brown juice on their rumps and whipping them along with a rope end."

Because this is true, he is a junior at Montana State University, Bozeman, majoring in animal husbandry because raising cattle now is a very scientific business. In fact, today's methods would be a horror to the old "bust 'em and brand 'em" Montana cowman. Indeed, he would have known nothing about the many diseases and pests that infest cattle which must be prevented and guarded against.

The old-type cowboy medicated only for blackleg and screwworms, and dipped for ticks. Anything else he knew little about and lost plenty of cattle, mostly to pulmonary diseases.

Today's cattleman must have special knowledge of specific feeding: for growing calves, breeding cows, fattening beef, bull performance and so on. Then there are the diseases and pests that can infest every herd. A modern cattle raiser must possess such general knowledge that he is, in practice, an unlicensed veterinarian.

Realizing all this from growing up and learning on his father's Lazy AC, Cowboy Burl is going to college to fit himself with the necessary tools of knowledge to handle the scientific methods of raising fine cattle.

The Lazy AC is one of the best-known cattle ranches in the famous Sun River country, west of Augusta. Here was where the noted merchant and cattleman of frontier times, Conrad Kohrs, got his start as a big-time rancher.

The headquarters ranch is the original Joe Ford homestead, settled in the 1880's. Into it is also incorporated the Henry Ford homestead and all those of their Indian children's allotments. Plus other deeded land and leased range, this amounts to more than 17,000 acres under fence ... at least drift fences.

Lazy AC headquarters on Ford Creek is known as the upper ranch because it is six miles from the lower ranch on Little Willow Creek. The lower ranch also consists of old homesteads and once-Indian allotments. It is run by foreman Roger Krebs. All parcels of range join, being separated only by the county road.

In those long gone days the region was all wild country and still is to a large extent. The area town is Augusta, consisting of eight saloons, one grocery store, one hardware store, a garage and two filling stations on State Highway 287. Except for fishermen and hunters during the seasons, the 300 inhabitants wouldn't see the wind raising dust all year long.

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It is a village of retired ranching and farming people. The greatest excitement the town experiences occurs on ranch paydays and Saturday nights. Seldom does any crime occur, so one deputy sherrif, Jack Walsh, is stationed there, 75 miles from the county seat at Helena.

Cowboy Burl's brothers, John 18, Michael, 17 and Charles 14, also learned to ride horses, rope, and handle cattle. Charles, the family runt who is only six feet tall, picked up a dogie calf (the mother died) and raised it in his rrom on a bottle. When the calf got to weighing 600, pounds, it still wanted to go into his room to feed.

During its first decade the Lazy AC changed from raising purebred Herefords to blooded Charolais cattle. Very soon thereafter, only a few range bulls were kept. All impregnation of breeding registered Charolais cows is now done by artificial insemination, largely by semen from the famous $10,000-bull, El Fortin, originally imported from Mexico.

Cowboy Burl and his brothers handled cattle on the ground long before they did on horseback. Raising their own Charolais calves for 4-H Club contesting at the state fair in Helena, they learned more about caring for and the nature of bovines.

Entering into their calf-raising project was proper feeding, grooming and gentling to answer commands for show purposes.

Cowboy Burl's first entrant at the fair, 1965, was kicked out of first-prize money because it weighed more than 600 pounds. The rules were then changed, for a Charolais gains weight faster than any other breed. The following year he was awarded first prize and sold his 710-pound calf for $1.50 per pound.

He learned to use a lariat but not with the "throw and bust 'em" skill, which is no longer necessary. None of the valuable Charolais cattle, ranging in value from $600 to $10,000, are roughly handled but always with kid gloves. Branding is done in a chute and for young calves, on a turn-down table.

His childhood, growing up on a big cattle ranch surrounded by majestic foothills of the Lewis and Clark range of the Rockies, undoubtedly would have been the dream of many city boys. His life on the ranch was the same as all boys in Big Sky cattle country. Besides learning to be a general ranch hand and cowboy, he fished, hunted, played in the snow and tracked wild animals of many species but never trapped any.

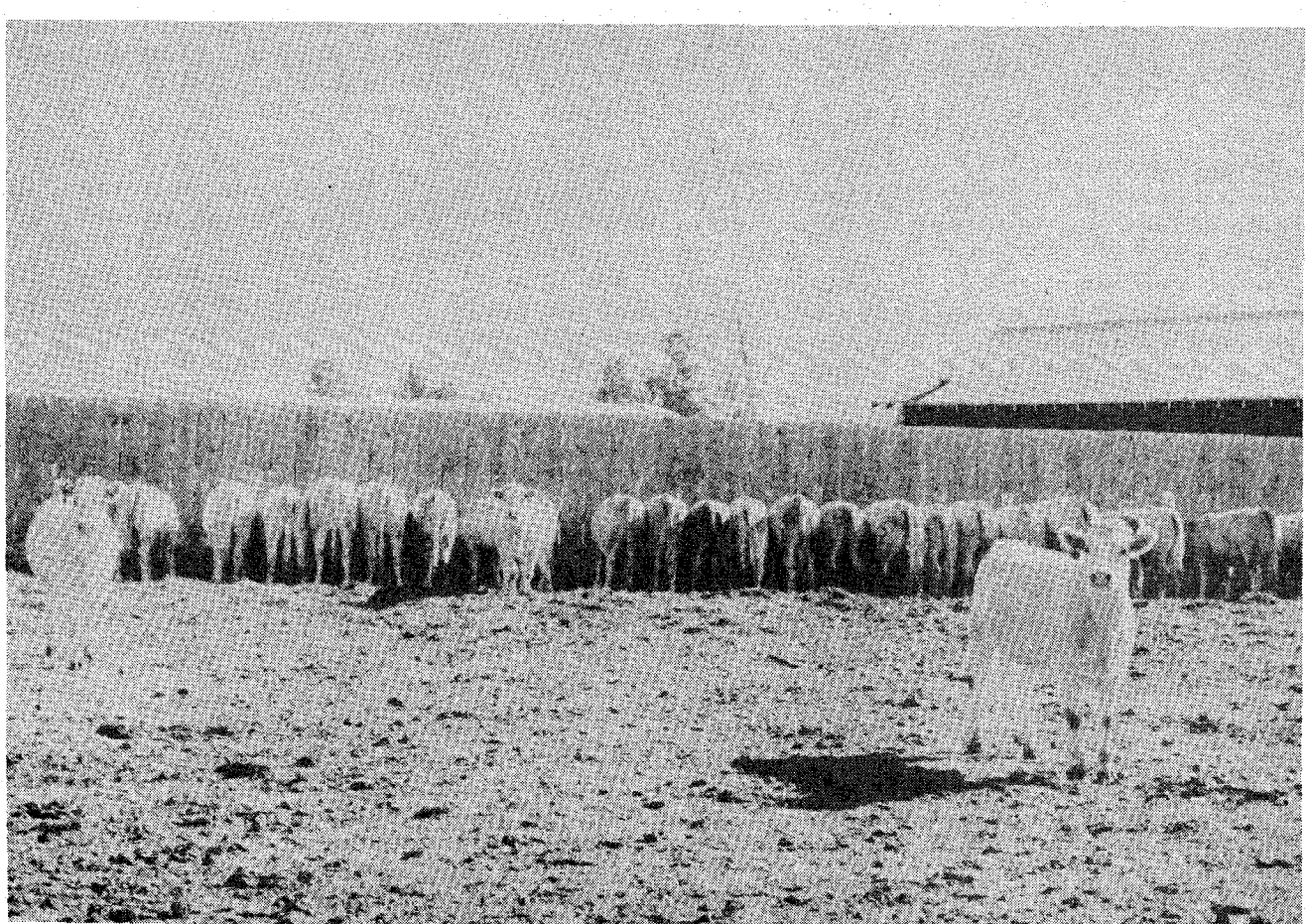
Cowboy Burl's father is a wildlife conservationist. He doesn't believe in destroying unnecessarily. Hence when a mother cougar dug a den in the hillside bank above an old canal ditch and raised two cubs, he protected her from hunters. Cowboy Burl and his brothers often hid out close by to watch the kittens playing in front of the den.

Since water filled the ditch, beavers made slides into it and dug dens of their own. They were not molested, being out of the way and doing no harm.

But beavers damming the creek next to the hay meadows was a different story. Their dams forced water into the meadows, and they dug big holes, "slides", well out into it. These were covered by tall grass. Unwary livestock could break legs in them, and haying machinery stalled when a wheel fell into one.

One time, Cowboy Burl, driving the mowing machine, almost overturned in one, and the baler came to grief in another.

By an agreement with the state game department, trappers come in when the creek becomes over-



Photos by the author

Charolais cattle in a feed lot.

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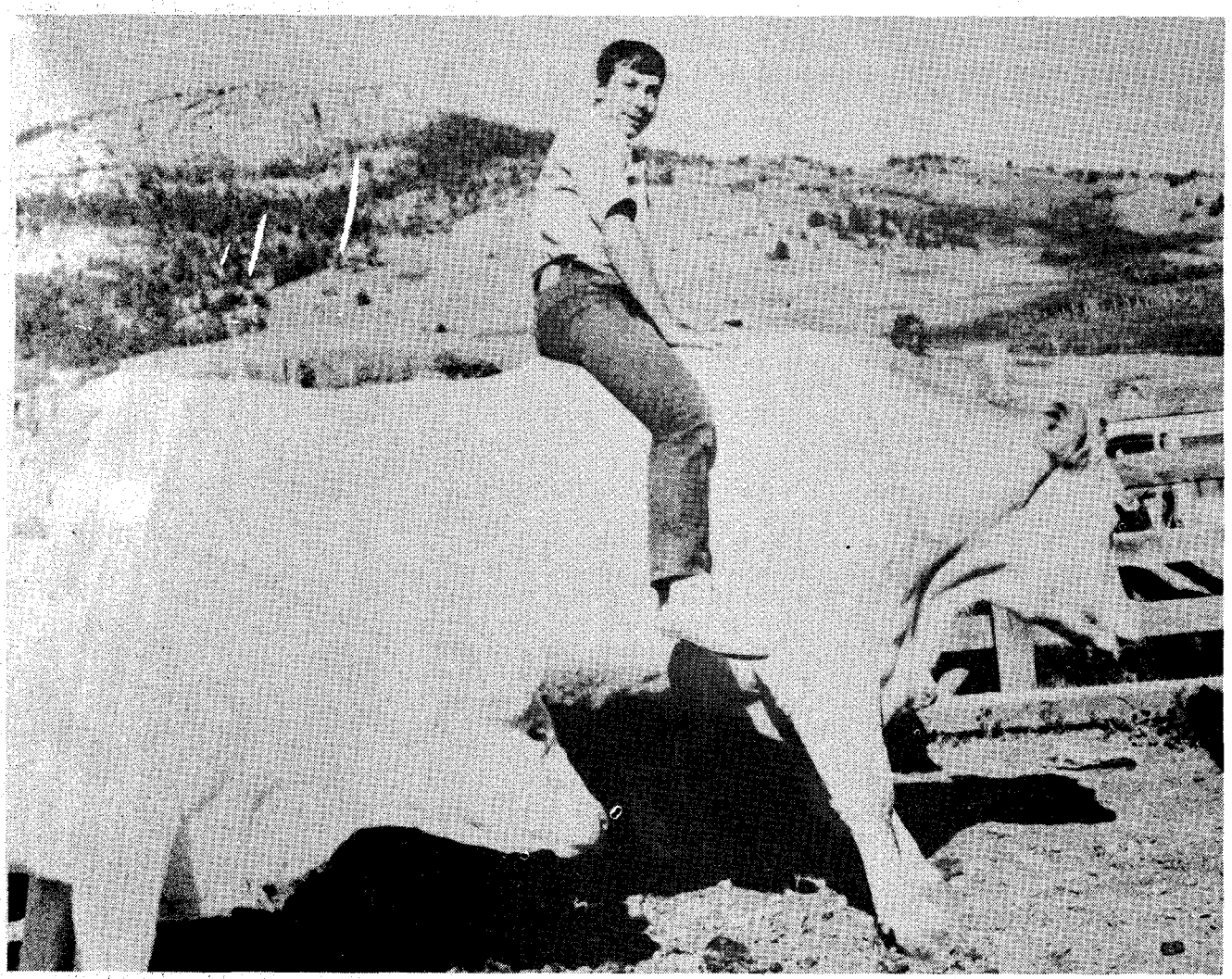

Photos by the author

Burl's brother, Mike, riding Dumbo, the Lazy AC's 3,300-pound gentle ox.

populated with beaver. They are trapped for the fur or transported elsewhere to replant some other stream.

Otter also proved to be a nuisance. During winter months they killed and ate all three species of trout in the stream. State game trappers got most of them; only a few yet remain. They are as tame as house cats. Nocturnal animals, at night they play on the house verandas and even climb onto the roof, sliding off into snow when it covers the ground.

One wild animal is really dangerous: the great Rocky Mountain grizzly. These huge beasts come from hibernation in the spring, down all the streams out of the Rockies. One was discovered at the calf corral and shot before doing any damage. This grizzly measured slightly more than nine feet from nose tip to tail, the largest ever killed in that area.

When twelve years old, Cowboy Burl began using firearms, starting with a .22 bolt-action, clip fed rifle. By the time he entered high school at Shattuck, Faribault, Minnesota, he was an expert marksman. At thirteen he stalked and killed his first buck deer at the foot of the Rockies.

Athletic, especially favoring football, he starred in the sport during grade and high school years. A natural leader and a rifle expert, he took to military training in the ROTC at Shattuck, and in his senior year he was regimental commander. At Montana State University he is still engaged in military tactics.

This is merely his scholastic background, for all this time Cowboy Burl was avidly learning the intricate business of raising fine cattle.

While still a mere boy he learned, by helping his father, that pink eye, then prevalent in Herefords the Lazy AC ran, could be cured by the simple injection of condensed milk. From this small piece of knowledge a whole new world of how and when to medicate cattle opened to him.

Long before reaching college, he was using penicillin to cure hoof rot and pour-on dip instead of the old method of vat-dipping cattle. The pour-on dip is strung down the backbone of a cow critter with a long-handled ladle while it moves through a narrow chute. This dip will kill flies that get on the animal for the next six weeks. In cases of scabies, lice or ticks, the old method of vat-dipping must be done. This is not necessary every year, sometimes just two or three, for that area of Montana is almost clean of such pests.

The beautiful ranch nestling in a verdant valley of the foothills is an idyllic setting. But it is far from the glamour and romance associated with stock ranching. Cowboy Burl's summers and college vacations are filled with hard, tough work. There is no cinching down a fancy, hand-tooled leather saddle complete with corona and martingale and a silver concha-studded bridle on a palomino horse and galloping over the grass-waving range to romantic adventures.

There is hardly a breathing spell for Cowboy Burl and his brothers

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on reaching home from school and college. Cattle must be shifted from the great pastures, the breeding cows all cut out into special groups and spotted in sections. Then they are artificially inseminated in special iron-pipe pens with the prerequisite instruments. This is slow work requiring special knowledge that Cowboy Burl learned, and then his brothers, from veterinarians who did the first AI work on the Lazy AC. Records are kept on all registered cows.

This chore is barely finished before the haying season starts. Adept at it, Cowboy Burl operates the heaviest machinery while his younger brothers handle the lesser.

In that area of Montana cattle have to be fed about five months each year. The open ranges are never far from the great blizzards of 1886 which very nearly wiped out all Montana cattle. That disaster caused Charley Russell to draw his famous postcard picture of a ribby cow, reporting to an absent owner how many cattle had survived the catastrophe. He labelled it "The Last of 5,000."

There are irrigated alfalfa fields at the lower ranch from which hay is cut. At the headquarters ranch two large flats on the creek were cleared, leveled and planted to domestic grass to produce a supply of winter feed. Formerly, the hillside slopes and the coulees were mowed and the wild grass baled.

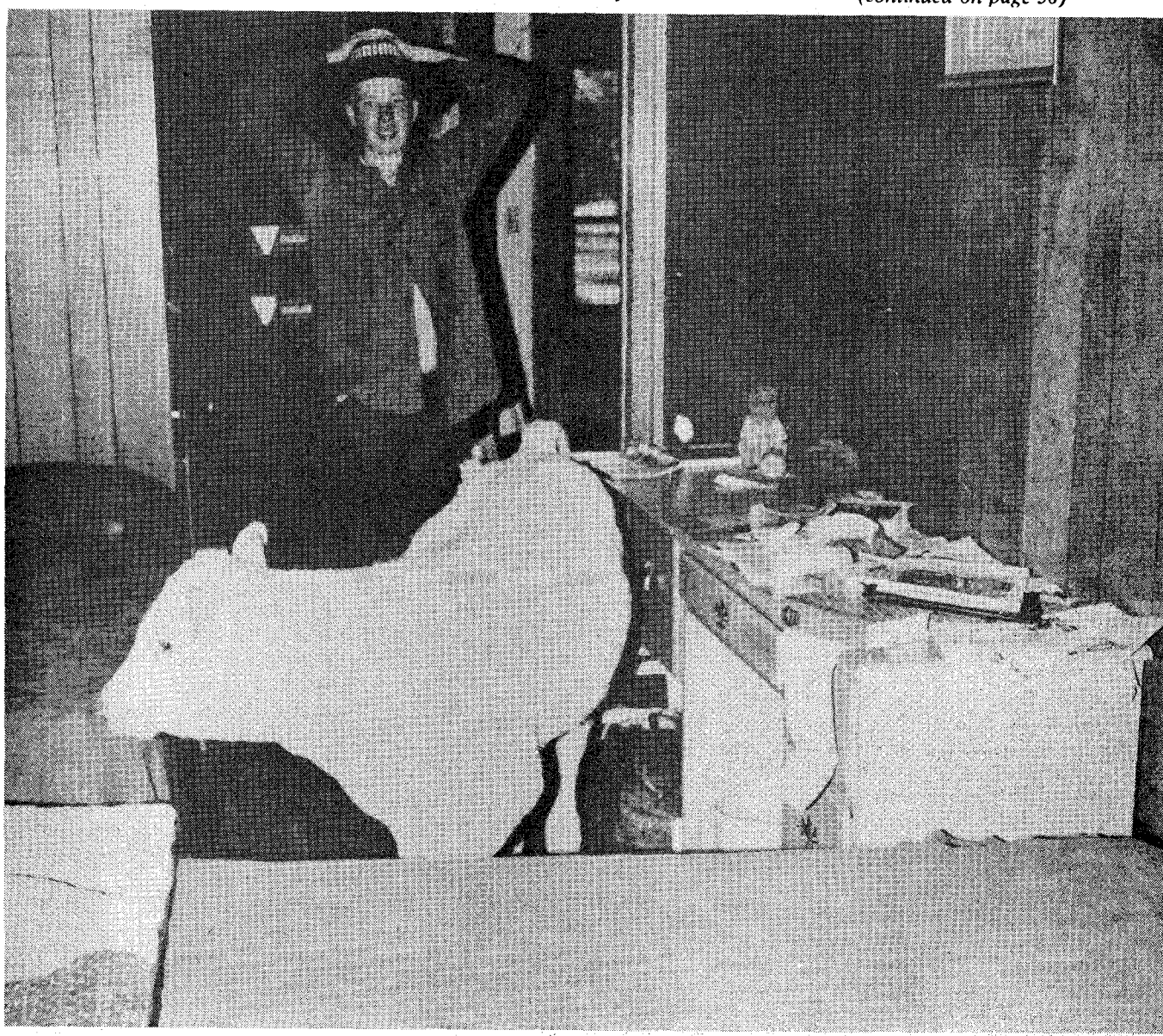
Hay for the silos is chopped fine while being cut, hauled in special vehicles to the glass-lined silos and blown up into them. It keeps its natural freshness until used.

When filled, the hay at both sections of the ranch is baled and stacked in special yards, all by machinery. Not every year is this sufficient hay for 1,700 head of cattle. The crop depends entirely on the winter snowfall and spring or early summer rains. Some years the Lazy AC has to buy as much as $30,000 worth of hay from farmers elsewhere.

Between the two silos is a huge, square steel box in which dry feeds are stored in bins. It consists of grains, minerals and medicated pellets. The mixing machine occupies a pit below this box.

The chopped green hay is cut out at the silo bottom by a revolving knife into the mixer. It is automatically weighed as for the different kinds of dry feed and mixed thoroughly. The feed then goes

(continued on page 50)



Photos by the author

Burl's little brother (6 feet tall at fourteen) raised a Charolais dogie (a motherless calf) in his room. At 600 pounds the calf still thought it should be fed in Charley's room.

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REAL WEST MOVIE HALL OF FAME

THE BIG FIVE

By Mario A. De Marco

Yes sir! These five greats, Tom Mix, Buck Jones, Tim McCoy, Hoot Gibson and Ken Maynard are what you would call real Western stars. I have received a great deal of fan mail on this group since starting the series several years ago. One reason, and a good one, is that these old-timers were real cowboys and had actually made a living working on the ranges of the old West before and shortly after the turn of the century when there was plenty of "wild" west left.

The greatest and most popular of these old-time cowboy stars to ever face a camera was the late Tom Mix. His colorful, action-packed life would have made a series of good action pictures. He was born in Pennsylvania in 1880, learning to ride, rope, and shoot as a youngster. When he was 15 he enlisted in the army and saw service in the Spanish-American War, later in the Philippine Insurrection and also as a member of the Expeditionary Forces in China. He also broke horses for the British in the Boer War in Africa.

He served as a deputy sheriff and was a U.S. Marshal while a member of the Texas Rangers. While with the 101 Ranch he became a rodeo performer and wound up in the record books as winning the bull-dogging championship in 1909.

Tom began in the movie business in 1910 and after a very successful career called it quits in 1934 — his last picture being a chapter play entitled *The Miracle Rider* for Mascot Pictures. He formed his own circus, and while on a business trip near Florence, Arizona his car overturned on the highway and he was killed instantly on October 12, 1940. On this spot today is a 7-foot high marker with a small bronze statue of a riderless pony. On October 12, 1942, exactly two years later, his famous horse "Tony" passed away.

Another great cowboy film star was the late Charles "Buck" Jones. Buck was born in Indiana in 1889 and learned to ride, rope and shoot on his father's 3,000-acre ranch in Oklahoma. Like Tom Mix, Buck became restless and, looking for action, joined the Army. He saw service on the Mexican Border and in the Philippines. Severely wounded, he was discharged because of his disability ... joined the Miller's 101 Ranch and became a featured bronco rider and trick roper.

He started in the movie business in 1917 — began with small parts, later worked as a stunt man — doubled for Tom Mix while at Fox Studios. The producers and directors saw great potential in this young cowboy and signed him to a contract which led to stardom. In his great career Buck made over 200 movies in his 25 years as a Western star. Buck died in the Coconut Grove fire in Boston, Mass. in 1942 while on a personal appearance tour for his latest *Rough Riders* series.

There probably isn't a handful of men alive today who have more knowledge of the Plains Indians than Col. Tim McCoy (the "Colonel" being a true rank which he earned during W.W. I and carried through into W.W. II) ... truly another great, ranking Western star. Tim was born in Michigan in 1891. He became interested in the West as a youngster. While at college in Chicago, he decided to become a cowboy and headed for Wyoming, and life as a cowboy for different ranches. While a cowhand, he came in contact with some friendly Indians who taught him sign language and Indian lore.

He soon became expert in their ways. During W.W. I he served in the cavalry and attained the rank of Colonel. He served as Indian technical advisor to MGM who was making the great Western movie, *The Covered Wagon*. He began making movies for MGM in 1926. In the years that followed, Tim made over 90 films. Today, at age 81, when most men have retired with their memories, this grand old western star is with a western stage show, still riding, shooting and doing tricks.

A cowboy's cowboy, that's what they used to say about Edward "Hoot" Gibson, a great rodeo star, stunt man, and movie star. Hoot was born in Nebraska in 1895. When he was 15 he bought a horse and headed West to work as a cowhand at different ranches. Whenever a rancher needed some breaking done, they called upon young Hoot, and he did the job. At 17 while a rodeo performer, he became all-around cowboy champion in the 1921 Pendleton Round-Up at Oregon.

It was Tom Mix who first noticed this young daredevil cowboy and brought him to Hollywood to act with his western group in his pictures. When war broke out, he joined the Army in 1917 and became a top kick in the tank corps. After the War he returned to picture making. In six years he completed 48 action-packed movies. Hoot passed away a few years ago, and many of the stars of yesteryear affectionately called him "the dean of cowboy stars".

Last, but not least, I think Ken Maynard was one of the greatest riding movie stars that ever hit a saddle and stirrups. Ken was born in Texas in 1895 and grew up as a cowboy. As a youngster, he was such a good rider that he rode in different wild west shows throughout the West. Ken's biggest year in the circuit was in 1920.

That year he won the World's Championship in trick riding and second place as All-Around Cowboy. He performed for Ringling Brothers Circus as a trick rider. It was there that he was watched by a scout for Fox Studios. Impressed by Ken's skill, he signed him to a movie contract. In his first role he appeared in a tux and played in "parlor" roles. After this picture he put his foot down, and there were westerns all the way, with fast riding and hair-raising stunts as only this great cowboy could perform. It is interesting to note that Ken probably became the first singing cowboy on the screen. In one of his pictures he strummed a guitar and sang, opening the door for the "singing cowboys" who were to come.

Ken made about 300 western movies in his career. Due to many injuries from riding bronchos and his stunting, he retired from the screen in the 40's. He passed away in 1973 at the age of 77, truly one of the sons of the great West who will always be remembered as one of the great pioneers in the field of Western movie making. ●RW

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The Story Behind The Song

RED RIVER VALLEY

By Marion Thede and Harold Preece
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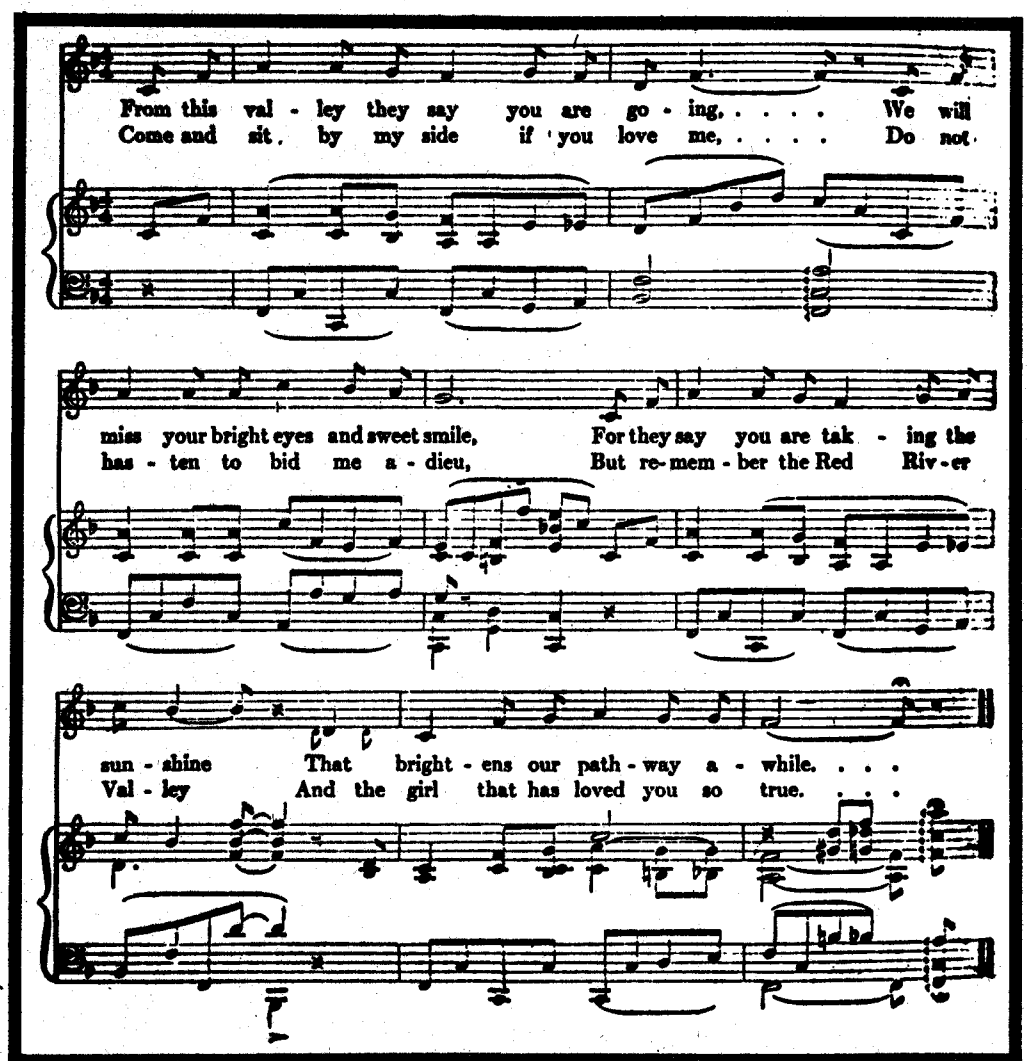
From this val - ley they say you are go - ing, ... We will
Come and sit by my side if you love me, ... Do not
miss your bright eyes and sweet smile, For they say you are tak - ing the
has - ten to bid me a - dieu, But re-mem - ber the Red Riv - er
sun - shine That bright - ens our path - way a - while. . . .
Val - ley And the girl that has loved you so true. . . .

Courtesy Harcourt-Brace

This popular folk song has been heard by almost every American yet few have heard it sung in its original form when frontiersmen in New York State sang "The Bright Mohawk Valley" to the same tune!

"Red River Valley" collected by Carl Sandburg who helped revive and make it nationally famous.

"Come and sit by my side if you love me.
Do not hasten to bid me adieu.
But remember the Red River Valley
And the girl who loves you so true."

"The Red River Valley" (most versions)

"Every once in awhile a little known folk tune is 'discovered' by some Broadway tunesmith and turned into a Tin Pan Alley or concert favorite ... Sometimes the opposite happens: the people take for their own a current Broadway favorite and turn it into a folk song."

-Downes & Siegmeister: A TREASURY OF AMERICAN SONG (1940)

This is a ballad of two names about three valleys and rivers. Each valley serves as a drainage basin for a namesake river. These

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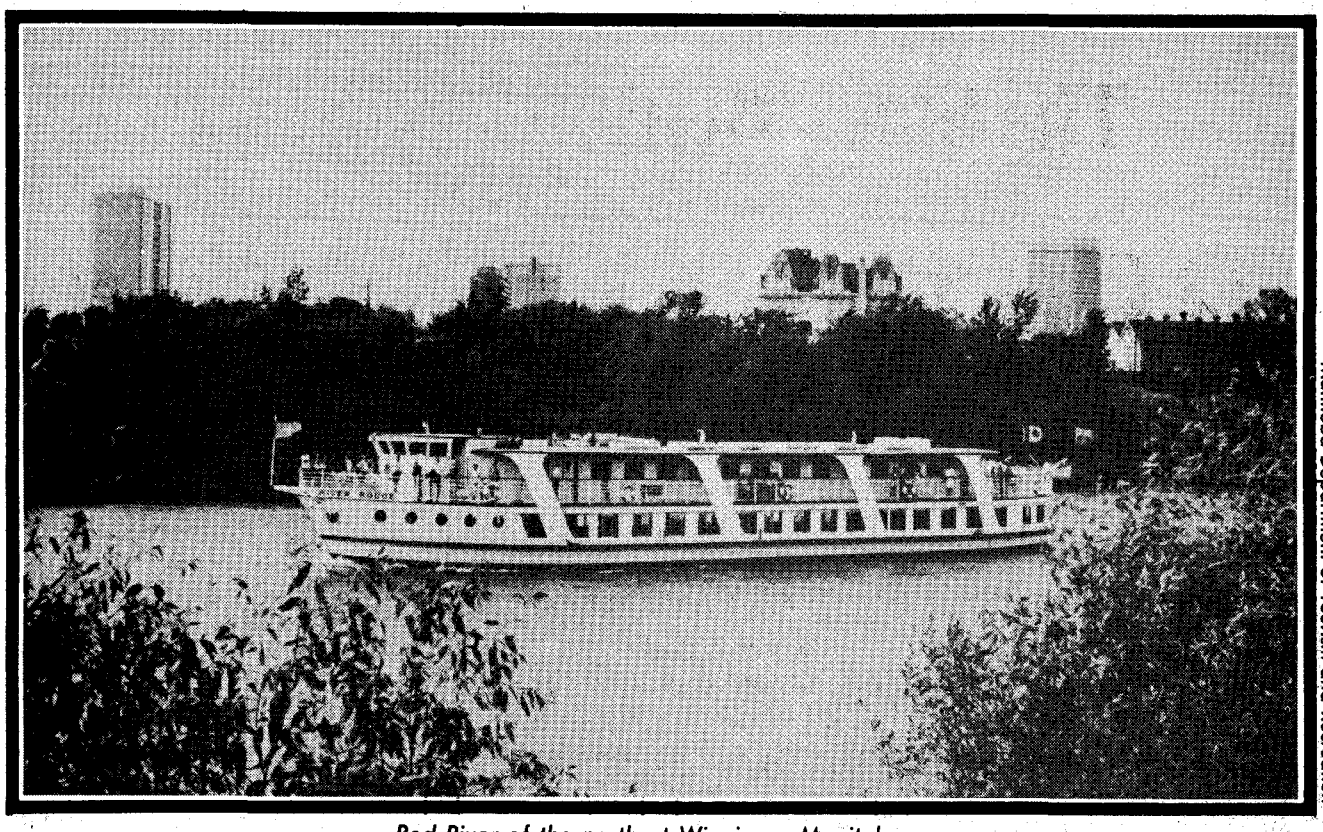

Manitoba Department of Tourism and Recreation

Red River of the north at Winnipeg, Manitoba.

streams, all identified with the American pioneer epic, are:

The Mohawk River, rising in upper New York state, flowing east 176 miles to the greater Hudson River which empties its waters into the Atlantic Ocean at New York City. This smallest of the three streams was a major artery of commerce and transportation for the eighteenth-century settlers of that practically forgotten "Old East".

The Red River of the North is 545 miles long, exclusive of its tributaries. Originating in Lake Traverse at the boundary of South Dakota and Minnesota, bearing the name Bois de Sioux for a few miles, it flows north as a boundary line between Minnesota and North Dakota. Creating a wide, fertile valley for farms and ranches, it courses into Canada, receiving the historic Pembina River near the boundary. It pours into Lake Winnipeg at the city of Winnipeg, Manitoba. Then it reemerges under its third name, the Nelson River, and empties finally into Hudson Bay.

Its associations are memorable for both neighboring countries. This Red River was the main route of the famous ox carts bearing its name, carrying supplies from St. Paul on the Mississippi to pioneer settlements, bringing furs in return. Its junction with the Pembina River became the site of Indian villages and later of fur trading posts of both British and American companies on both sides of the unsettled international boundary.

That stream symbolizes the American Northwest as that third stream, the Red River, of the South does the American Southwest. The southern Red extends 1200 miles from its source, converging into forks in the North Texas Panhandle, a part of its structure being the North Fork in western Oklahoma. It forms a complete boundary between Texas and Oklahoma before turning in a southern direction through southwest Arkansas. Then it meanders between bayous and cutoffs before finally merging with the waters of the Mississippi in southern Louisiana. That "Red" is identified in history with the Texas Republic, the Indian Nations of Indian Territory, the spectacular cattle drives, and much of the Old West's blazing outlawry.

Each of these Red Rivers derives its name from reddish soil seepage coloring their channels at flood time. The Mohawk River is so called for the still surviving Mohawk Indians. At no point do the two Reds and their corresponding valleys join. The Red Rivers are not only far from each other but farther from that older-settled Mohawk Valley in New York state.

Yet within the continuity of frontiers which kept moving westward, all rivers and their valleys are united by the song "Red River Valley" — that song, probably first heard in New York entertainment places as "In the Bright Mohawk Valley", to become long later a nationally accepted folk number. And the people of both of the Western valleys sing it, but by a different name.

Yet, except at some New York City folk festival, you wouldn't likely hear that parent of the ballad rendered anywhere in the state of its origin. Generally speaking, few folk song buffs — whether Easterners or Westerners — have ever heard of it. Yet anywhere in America, any folk-minded audience would instantly recognize the graceful tune of "Bright Mohawk Valley" as that of the poignant love lament, "Red River Valley."

The song died out long ago in the East where it started. Though almost word for word, virtually stanza for stanza and note for note, it would be reborn in the West. The only major change would be the substitution of the familiar *Red River* Valley of the chorus for the faraway *Mohawk* Valley. In fact the similarity between the original words of the ballad and its Western variants is far more apparent than between the words of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century British folk songs and their southern rural derivatives ... which shows that comparative time spans were much less in the case of "Red River Valley".

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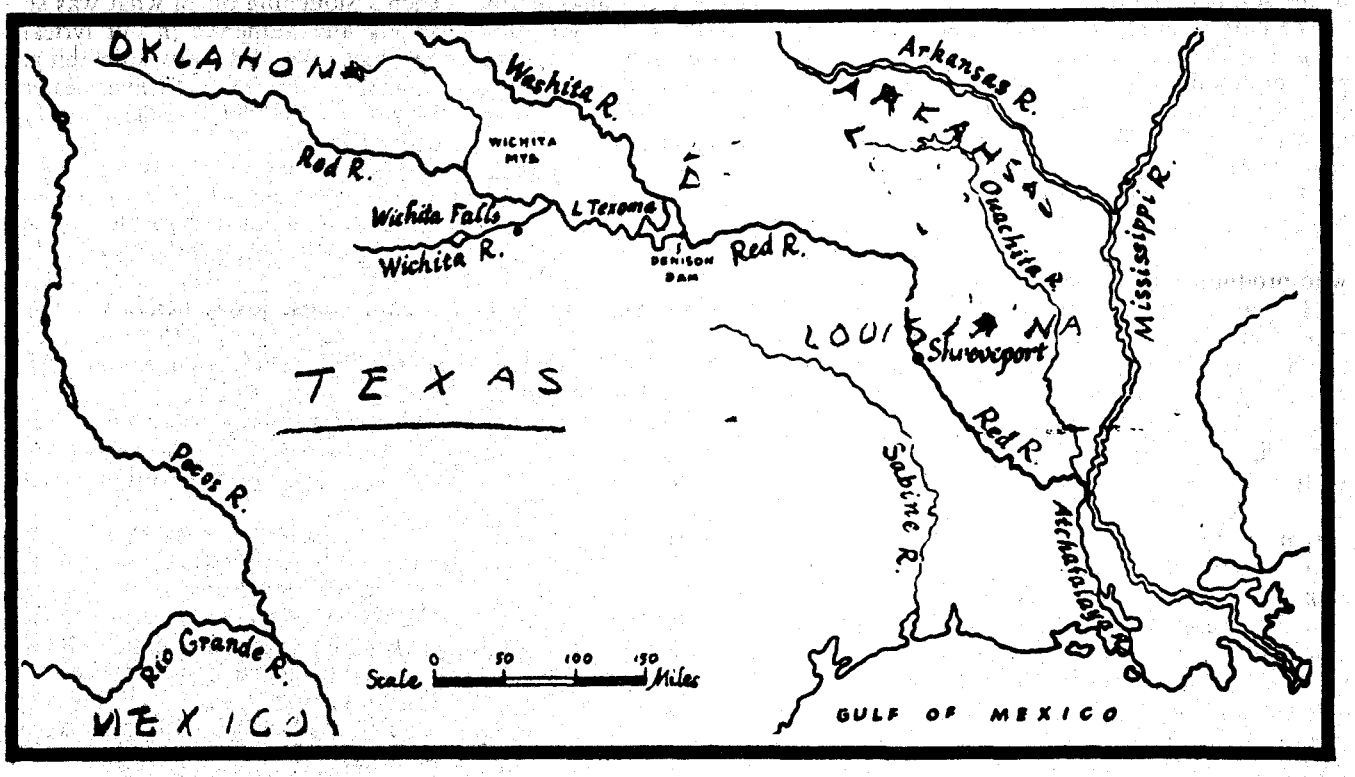

Red River Valley of the South from North Central Texas to the Mississippi River in Louisiana.

But the history of this apparently native American ballad is much more difficult to trace than many of those transplanted from some British street or town to Appalachian settlements in Kentucky or Tennessee — or into the Ozarks and down into Texas. These co-authors knew from research that it had been originally published as sheet music. Its melodic structure and fervent romanticism suggested that it had come out of the highly sentimental, outwardly chaste Eighteen-nineties. That period, called the Victorian Age for prim Queen Victoria of England, was one in which:

"Love still expressed itself in a kiss, with marriage as the almost inevitable consequence, although it was now generally admitted that true happiness could only exist in waltz time."

-Spaeth, A HISTORY OF POPULAR MUSIC IN AMERICA
(Ninth printing, 1964)

We collaborators might have collected one or more versions of "Red River Valley" in almost any place. But its ancestral number, "In the Bright Mohawk Valley", was harder than hunting a rabbit in a briar patch.

No notated copy of "In the Bright Mohawk Valley" could be found in our part of the West. Nor could any usually reliable Eastern sources help us. Most record shops had no listings for it, though they showed "Red River Valley" on three or four different labels.

Then on a fortunate Sunday — last October 29th — two Oklahoma musicians, fiddler Tony Thomas and guitarist Neely Petty, dropped in on Harold Preece for friendly palaver and talk about folk songs. It turned out that Tony, a long-time REAL WEST fan, had a printed copy of "In the Bright Mohawk Valley". After returning home, he sent a copy of his music by special delivery to Preece.

From its structure we believe that this specimen might be an adaptation of the original sheet music which we have been unable to locate. It was printed as sung by "Happy Jack" Turner over a Louisville, Kentucky radio station some years ago, and it was issued in a folk song collection by Cole Publishing Company. Except for the opening notes which contain two A-sharps, the tune is identical with "Red River Valley".

Here are four excerpted stanzas of "Mohawk Valley", showing the marked similarities with "Red River Valley":

"From the valley they tell me you are leaving,
I shall miss your bright eyes and sweet smile,
For you take with you all of the sunshine
That has lightened my life for awhile.

"Just consider awhile ere you leave me,
Do not hasten to bid me adieu.
And remember the bright Mohawk Valley
And the girl who has loved you so true.

"I have waited a long time, my darling,
For the words that you would never say,
And at last now my poor heart is breaking
For they tell me you are going away.

"When you're far from the scenes of the valley
And they tell me your journey is through,
Will you think of the bright Mohawk Valley
And the girl who loved you so true."

Stanza for stanza, this partial version of "In the Bright Mohawk Valley" closely resembles sections of many specimens of the words of "Red River Valley". We have been unable to learn the sources of Mr. Turner's number. Nor can we identify the unknown persons who substituted "Red River Valley" for the "Mohawk Valley" in the lyric. But from our knowledge of Western pioneer folkways, we feel that the change was likely made by country musicians in the Texas-Oklahoma border section

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of the southern Valley.

The shift of the name preserved the song. For the change transformed a piece of popular sheet music, perhaps turned out for a few dollars, into an all-American folk ballad — giving it renewed life, assuring its permanence in America's impressive heritage of Western music.

We do know the name of the man who produced the original song.

He was James J. Kerrigan, says that eminent authority, Sigmund Spaeth. We could guess from his surname that he was of Irish descent. His hit, "In the Bright Mohawk Valley", has a lilt slightly resembling native Irish ballads which you hear on New York juke boxes. Downes and Siegmeister did suggest that it may have been adapted from some sort of folk tune, though we could find none strongly resembling it in any previous collections.

That original version may have had a short vogue when Kerrigan came out with it. The very first "song pluggers" probably promoted it around music halls, vaudeville theaters. bars and cabarets. Then it would have been swept aside by still another sentimental air. Tin Pan Alley has never been interested in making history, but only in making money.

Mr. Spaeth commented that " 'In the Bright Mohawk Valley' seems to have been the original of the still popular 'Red River Valley' and as such must be considered noteworthy."

This was a masterpiece of understatement. For in virtually everything except those name changes of title and valley, the first ballad is still second in importance.

But most importantly Spaeth's work tells us when "In the Bright Mohawk Valley" was written — during 1896. Within the twilight of the Nineteenth Century, that long pioneer epoch enacted from the hills of Pennsylvania and New York State to the rolling prairies of Iowa and Ohio, from the mountains of Kentucky and Tennessee to the cross timbers of Texas and Oklahoma and the snowy ridges of Oregon.

From knowing that date we can place this number, "Red River Valley", in correct focus. It is not, within accurate definition, a ballad of the rawhide Old West, but it is among the first to arise from the plow-and-petticoat area of the emerging New West.

Many of those last pioneers who sang it had migrated, not by wagon trains on slow wheels, but by railroad trains rushing along on tracks of iron and steel. Pretty soon, the first automobiles would be chugging along country roads leading from one prim, little puritanical town to another. The upright farmers and the shrewd shopkeepers would replace the cowboys, the gamblers, the grass barons, and the salty old prospectors as the dominant figures of a West yeielding to the forces and pressures of what clergymen and civic boosters would hail as "civilization."

By 1908 the granger conquest of that colorful land was all but complete. Southwestern cattlemen who'd trailed their cattle to new Northwestern pastures found themselves facing a second wave of the nester invasion symbolized by homesteads and barbed-wire fences.

By parallel, new and chaste songs, emphasizing romance, religion and righteousness, were supplanting the uninhibited old ones of the trappers, the miners and the cowboys. God-fearing nesters considered these "indecent". Many early, more virile ballads would have perished altogether if far-seeing Western folklorists like John Lomax, Jack Thorp, George Will and Louise Pound had not collected and published them.

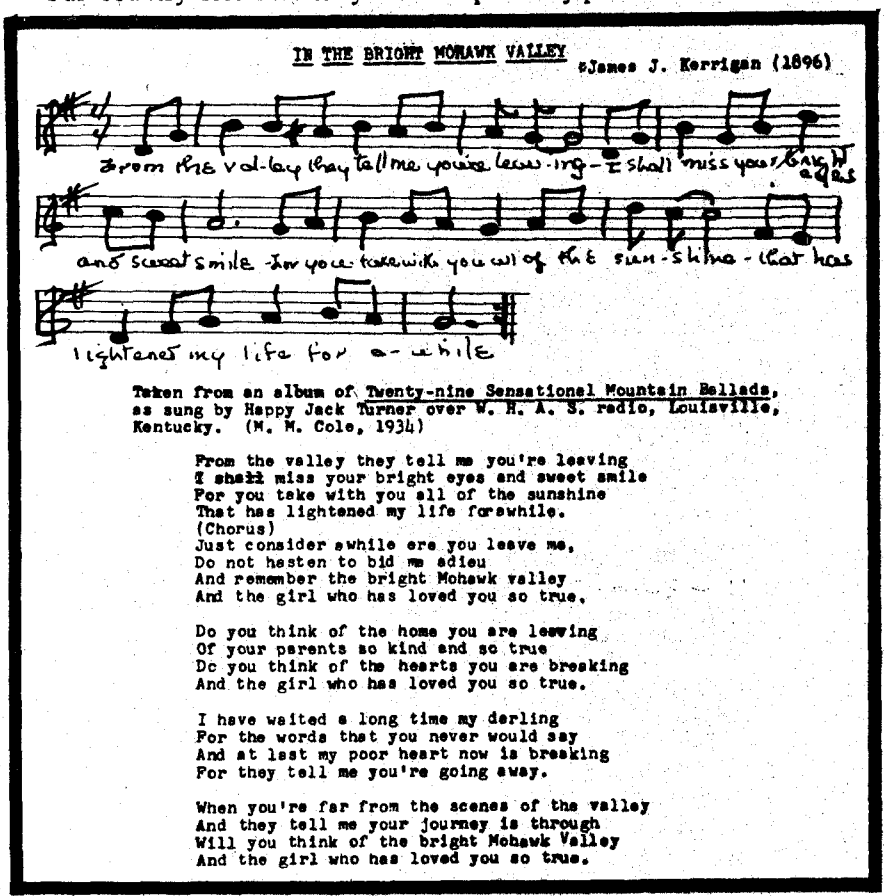
Our country lost musically from such a sloughing off of what was so strong and authentic in our lyrical heritage. We did gain something, however, from the sacrosanct nester tradition expressed in songs of purity and piety.

Two of these songs would become rich contributions to the culture of the Twentieth-Century West. One is "Home on the Range", written by Brewster Higley, a pioneer Kansas doctor whose lovely ballad was discussed by these authors in the December, 1973, issue of REAL WEST.

The other is unquestionably "Red River Valley". Our total heritage of music would be less without these gifts.

Our researches suggest that the tune and stanzas of its original "In the Bright Mohawk Valley" passed into the oral tradition of these two great folk areas: The South and the West, where it would survive long after being forgotten in the more sophisticated East. Around the turn of the century, with Western migration increasing, the familiar "Red River Valley" would be substituted in the lyric for the far-off Mohawk Valley.

Originally, music stores selling sheet music were to be found only in the cities. But some "sheets", probably passed from hand to hand,


IN THE BRIGHT MOHAWK VALLEY
©James J. Kerrigan (1896)
From the val-ley they tell me you're leav-ing - I shall miss your bright eyes
and sweet smile for you take with you all of the sun-shine - that has
lightened my life for a-while

Taken from an album of Twenty-nine Sensational Mountain Ballads, as sung by Happy Jack Turner over W. H. A. S. radio, Louisville, Kentucky. (M. M. Cole, 1934)

From the valley they tell me you're leaving
I shall miss your bright eyes and sweet smile
For you take with you all of the sunshine
That has lightened my life forawhile.
(Chorus)
Just consider awhile ere you leave me,
Do not hasten to bid me adieu
And remember the bright Mohawk valley
And the girl who has loved you so true.

Do you think of the home you are leaving
Of your parents so kind and so true
Do you think of the hearts you are breaking
And the girl who has loved you so true.

I have waited a long time my derling
For the words that you never would say
And at last my poor heart now is breaking
For they tell me you're going away.

When you're far from the scenes of the valley
And they tell me your journey is through
Will you think of the bright Mohawk Valley
And the girl who has loved you so true.

Courtesy Tony Thomas

A one-time New York ballad of the sentimental Nineties, "In the Bright Mohawk Valley" became the ever popular "Red River Valley".

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Oklahoma folk fiddler Tony Thomas and his guitarist nephew, Rod Thomas, include "Red River Valley" as part of their standard repertoire.

would reach rural settlements and small towns. As a result, the ballad due to become "Red River Valley" would be copied in what settlers called "music books". As a result it would be sung at gatherings around pianos and organs, at fireside singing and Saturday-night dances. Professional singers, traveling by train, might also popularize a ballad by singing it in minstrel shows or theatrical performances.

Of course, over a period of some years, local by-ear singers and instrumental musicians would pick it up and play their part in changing its name. Finally during the Twenties, phonograph records and radio broadcasts would make a ballad lingering from a recent past quite popular. This process was followed by "Talking movies" and finally television, with personal appearances by stars of stage and screen incredibly speeding up the time taken for a song to be a "hit".

But in the 1890's and early 1900's, what probably did most to keep this song alive was its mournful beauty ... and the ease with which it could be learned.

An interesting sidelight on the ballad's evolution was given to us of the southern "Red River Valley" by Neely Petty, who grew up in Lamar County, Texas and is now an Oklahoma peace officer. Mr. Petty recalled:

" 'Red River Valley' was one of the first tunes that I learned on the guitar, along with sacred songs of our little country church. That ballad about our Valley was also very popular at box suppers and school entertainments.

"People just learning music would often start out with "Red River Valley" because it was so easy to learn. Our version was sung in the simple key of G. Just eight measures were needed to complete the tune."

Songs of mournful sentiment strongly appealed to settlers for whom courtship and marriage were as much parts of the ritual of living as planting corn and branding steers.

Precisely because it deals with frustrated love, "Red River Valley" touched a tender spot among the women and girls of rural communities. For more than one of them might have remembered some cherished man who rode off yonder, never to return. Maybe he was to seek in some "big town" like Fort Worth a job paying better than the precarious occupation of farming, and he might find a new life centered around a new woman.

This post-frontier mood piece fits right into Alan Lomax's category of "lonesome love songs". It is akin in spirit to such similar ballads as "The Weeping Willow Tree" and "Black Is the Color of My True Love's Hair" reproduced in his impressive collections.

Within an overall text of depth and feeling, "Red River Valley" is a melodic narrative comparable to those romantic ballads that are our country's bequests from Britain and Ireland. The story line is both simple and profound, perhaps for being so universal in its meaning: the impending loss of a loved one and the grief sure to follow.

A Western girl, not identified by any name, finds her romance coming to an end. For her lover, also anonymous, has decided to leave their familiar settlement for that larger world beyond the Valley. She hears this from someone else in the community. He does not tell her.

With him, we can infer, will vanish her hopes of a wedding for which she had hoped to make perparations and for children by the man she loves, leaving her only to look forward to some inevitable "rebound" marriage as escape from becoming what an unmarried woman past twenty-five was called: "old maid".

Desperately trying to hold her lover, this poor little country girl reminds him of all the associations that bound them together in this homey community — including ties of mutual friendships:

"From this valley they say you are going.
We will miss your bright eyes and sweet smile.
For they say you are taking the sunshine
That brightens our pathway for awhile."

This stanza is excerpted from a version of Gilbert R. Combs, educator of Philadelphia's Combs Broad Street Conservatory of Music, as he heard it sung at a folk festival in Pine Mountain, Georgia during the late Twenties. It was included in Carl Sandburg's *American Songbag* (1927), with stanzas added from the R.W. Gordon collection. Note the similarity of these lines with the ones previously mentioned as being from the "Bright Mohawk Valley":

"From this valley they tell me you are leaving
I shall miss your bright eyes and sweet smile.
For you take with you all of the sunshine
That has lightened my life for awhile."

In some modern versions the lines in the parent ballad are:

"Just consider for awhile ere you leave me,
Do not hasten to bid me adieu ..."

Those are replaced by these:

"Come and sit by my side in the moonlight,
Do not hasten to bid me adieu."

Moonlight, by that time, had become a standard accessory of American romantic balladry. One such song of the 1920's was called "Moonlight and Roses". It was pretty gooey. Another, popular among high-school social sets, was "Kiss Me in the Moonlight".

By contrast, "Red River Valley" maintains a certain dignity in all versions. However stilted some of the words, their very poignance forbids ridicule. You might as well laugh at human sorrow if you jeered at its feeling or subjected such a pretty song to parody.

One of our young friends did ask us, "Why didn't the girl just go off with the boy?"

That question had to be answered within the prevailing attitudes of the early twentieth century rather than the permissive ones of our time.

Today a girl might expect that a man planning a trip would take her, particularly if she wanted to make sure of keeping him. But that sort of thing seldom happened during those years of the long post-Victorian period. Unchaperoned trips of unwed young couples were frowned upon, as well as common-law marriage, now hardly noticed. Only the women of

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gamblers and gunslingers lived and traveled within patterns morally offensive in the eyes of plain-living ordinary people.

The pathetic young girl of the song can only plead:

"Must the past with its joys be blighted
By the future of sorrow and pain,
And the vows that were spoken be slighted?
Don't you think you can love me again?"

(several versions.)

This excerpt is also from the Combs version transmitted through Sandburg. These quoted lines add up to a cry of anguish echoing through accompanying stanzas.

In only one specimen — and that doubtful — does the girl plead for the man to take her along:

"From this valley they say you are going.
Where you go may your darling go, too?
Would you leave her unprotected
When she loves no other but you?"

This version was sung at an intercollegiate affair many years ago by a couple who did not indicate their source. Found in one published collection, it bears the marks of a college glee-club arrangement done by somebody thinking of it just as a "catchy" tune to experiment upon.

A Texas local variant, "The Bright Sherman Valley", expresses the girl's pitiful hope that her sweetheart may come home after seeing the world beyond Sherman, a town of the southern valley:

"When you go from the scenes of this valley
And they tell me your journey is through,
Just remember the bright Sherman Valley
And the girl who loved you so true."

-William A. Owens, TEXAS FOLK SONGS, (1960)

But in obviously later versions it is a disappointed cowboy who, sexes reversed, gets forsaken by a sweetheart. One such version, arranged by Hugo Frey for a work issued by Robbins Music Corporation, Expresses this wistful thought:

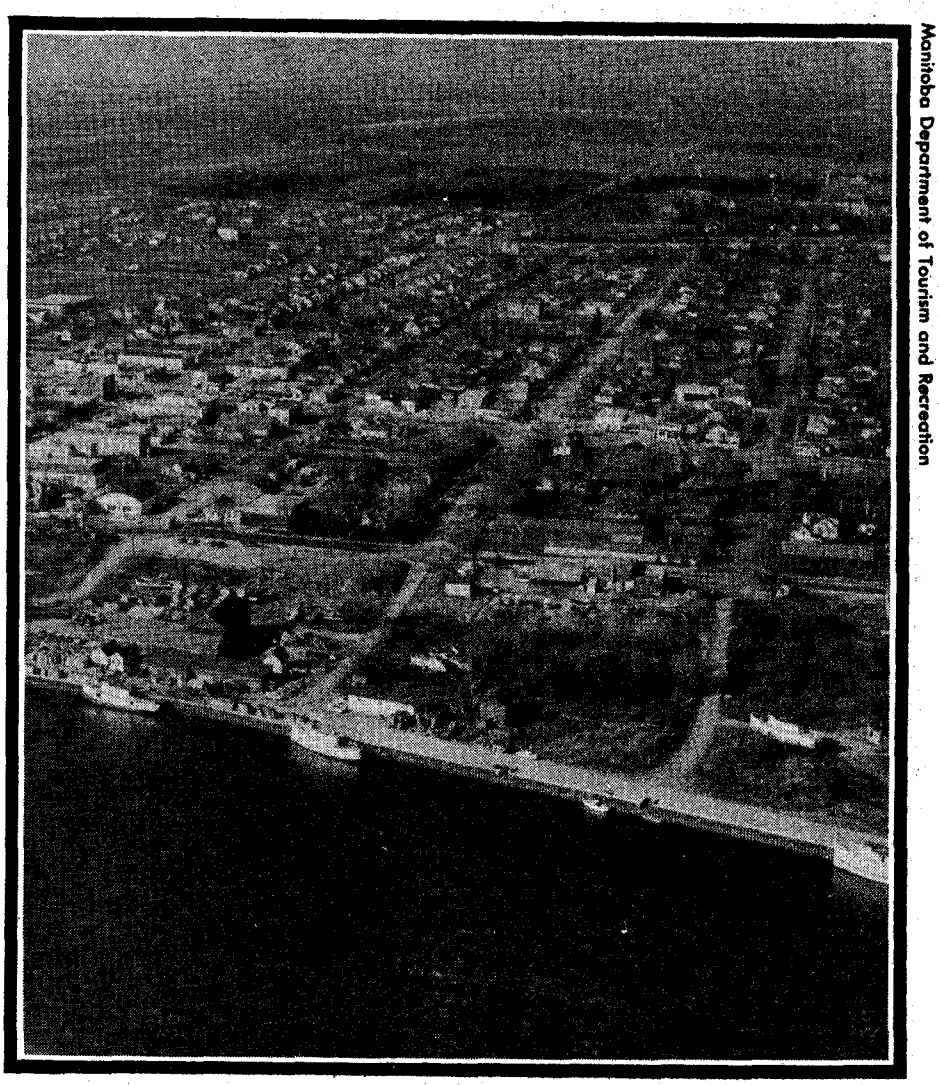
"Just because you are weary and tired
You are changing your range for awhile.
Just remember the Red River Valley
And the poor cowboy who loved you so true."

The poor "cowboy" might have kept on waiting till he heard through letter or hearsay that the girl "loved so true" had met and married another man wherever she had gone ... maybe while teaching school there? Or visiting relatives "set her up" for some man better able to provide than one drawing chuckwagon wages. Besides, a lot of parents frowned upon "cowboys" as prospective sons-in-law. They looked on all punchers as drifters, drunkards, or gunslingers — an occupational stereotype if there ever was one.

There are still other versions in which a cowboy comes out love's loser. All surviving western song ballads, of course, are grouped loosely as "cowboy songs". As a matter of fact, these men of the range sang all sorts of songs from all sorts of sources. They were responsible for the spread of many ballads throughout the West, particularly those which had to do with work — mining, railroading, buffalo hunting, or their own job of cattle herding.

But by the time that "Red River Valley" became a widely sung ballad, the ranks of these range men were thinning. The breakdown of big ranches into homesteads, the opening of the public domain for settlement, affected thousands and they had to seek other means of livelihood.

Many cowboys undoubtedly sang "Red River Valley" as they did that other homesteaders' ballad, Home on the Range, giving the latter wide circulation when the trail drives were at their peak during the 1870's and '80's. Harold Preece believes that Southwestern homesteaders brought the song along, migrating to the Northwest from 1896 to 1908. During that period, many folk songs derived from that region would be collected by George Will in North Dakota and Louise Pound in Nebraska ... though Dr. Pound, quoted in Grove's Dictionary of Music, would mistakenly credit this English-language ballad to the Metis, a mixed French-Indian group living on both sides of the U.S.-Canadian border.



Manitoba Department of Tourism and Recreation

Selkirk, Manitoba where the Red River joins Lake Winnipeg.

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However, this is not to discount the possibility of versions having reached the northern valley region from states lying farther northeast. The ballad would become well known in both North and South Dakota, whose original settlers stemmed, for a large part, from Minnesota and other such areas. Probably the majority of the early Dakotan homesteaders were from Germany, Sweden, Iceland, Russia and other countries of European culture.

These immigrants would also transplant in their various languages, songs of their "old countries". Unfortunately, little of this ethnic music would be collected. Their children and grandchildren would grow up as native Americans, speaking fluent English and singing American popular balladry, , including "Red River Valley".

During August 1973, Lois and Janet Sour lounged in chairs near a beautiful South Dakota lake not far from the northern source of the northern Red River. Seated near them were two visitors from Oklahoma, Marion and Fred Thede. These two ladies were surprised to learn that a Red River Valley of the Southwest was claimed as the locale of a song that they had known most of their lives here in the Northwest.

They recalled having been courted by their prospective husbands, to the ballad during the Twenties. They had sung and danced to the tune as played by local North Dakota musicians or by the Lawrence Welk orchestra, Mr. Welk being a Northwesterner of German descent.

Almost half a century ago, Carl Sandburg, poet, historian and folklorist, began collecting versions of "Red River Valley". He would comment in *American Songbag* that he had heard it sung like "bells in the gloaming".

Sandburg's publicity had much to do with making the ballad known beyond those two Valley regions where it was pretty much a fireside favorite. But it was during the Great Depression that the song reached some apex of public favor. For it was soothing to people burdened with problems during those stark years of layoffs and hunger. Its tune was restful. Its words reflected a less complex America still remembered by some.

But the song can be said to have represented the escape music of the Depression rather than that furious protest type which echoed across so many big city streets. One E.V. Body, presumably a city man, did a dreamy, mournful arrangement of "Red River Valley" during the awful year of 1931. Then the ballad which had remained so obscure caught on nationally.

Radio stations began broadcasting it. Singers of "hillbilly" music — now called country-western began adding it to their repertoire. Out of Okemah, Oklahoma came the later famous Woody Guthrie to do "Red River Valley", along with protest songs heard by audiences at county seat street corners and eventually in concert halls.

A little-known folk musician from Southern Illinois heard the revived ballad somewhere and began singing it in his dramatic style while performing for scant "bread money" in New York.

His name — Burl Ives. And in the *Burl Ives Song Book* you will find one of the best versions. It, too, has the "cowboy" as the lover who gets jilted. But another stanza is straight out of that original, "In the Bright Mohawk Valley". It begins:

"As you go to your home by the ocean
May we never forget those sweet hours ..."

Most versions with that line about "the ocean" are closer abstractions to most inland pioneers because they had never seen any body of salt water, so they naturally made substitutions when they sang the ballad. Mr. Ives' specimen is outstanding not only for the way he sings it but for being an interesting hybrid version.

"Red River Valley" kept gaining new listeners throughout that tragic decade of the Depression. In 1938 its tune was the theme music of perhaps the most compassionate movie ever turned out by Hollywood:

Grapes of Wrath is based upon John Steinbeck's eloquent novel about Dust-Bowl refugees forced from their ruined farms in Oklahoma to wander around California's underpaying grape orchards. Within memory after memory, these portrayed uprooted Americans "remember the Red River Valley" with the musical background fitting their mood.

So we should add to the myths of the great ballad characters like Ma and Pa and Tom Joad, and Preacher Casy, as well as the jilted cowhand and the abandoned farm girl.

The film played to a huge box office. The theme song attracted still more listeners hearing it on record or radio, or learning it from song sheets sold in five-and-dime stores. Seldom in our history had a commercialized folk number aroused so much enthusiasm. All because, as Downes and Siegmeister pointed out:

"After having been long forgotten on Broadway, it would become the permanent property of folks in rural districts throughout the country."

To those "folks" of the R.F.D.'s and the little towns we owe much of our national music and national spirit. For they conserved so much that their urban countrymen finally noticed and utilized.

In some deep sense, those valleys and the song about them represent every treasured "back home" place to millions of men and women who may feel displaced — if not to symbolic grape orchards, to the impersonal dwellings and the economic rat race of our frantic cities.

Approximately twenty published collections of folk songs, issued since 1941, include "Red River Valley". One or more of these works should be in your public library. Our list of sources at the end of this article mentions several of those we consider to be best. School teachers, wanting their pupils to learn this "heritage" ballad, will find a nice little version in *Singing America* (1941) in the public-school music series of Birchard & Company.

If you like to sing during holiday occasions — who doesn't — get a copy of *Treasury of American Music* issued by Emerson Books in 1961. For party-song sessions we could suggest Albert Weir's *Songs of the Leisure Hour*, if still in print, appearing under the 1941 imprint of Longmans Green. Both of these works contain fair versions of "Red River Valley".

You'll like it on stereo, too. For the song comes out handsomely in either fast versions or the more numerous slow ones.

Creditable recordings of the ballad can be gotten through local music dealers. At one time or another "Red River Valley" has appeared on almost every major label.

Some excellent albums of Western songs include this ballad. One is *Wanderin'* by Eddy Arnold (RCA Victor lll). Another is Paul Clayton's *Songs of the Cumberlands*, "Red River Valley" having been transplanted to the hills of Kentucky and Tennessee as well as those of Georgia (Folkways FA2007). Another recording is *Cowboy Songs and Folk Music* with its native-sounding version of the Valley song by Woody Guthrie and Cisco Huston (Stinson SLP44). If you like choral

(continued on page 51)

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A PRISONER Of The CHEYENNE

By Sam Bloom

There were nine members of the John German family when they made camp near Monument Station, Kansas, Sept. 11, 1874. At dusk, the Cheyenne war party struck and slaughtered five of them, taking four girls prisoners. What happened to those girls is documented here!

It was over in a matter of seconds! On September 11, 1874 John German and part of his family were wiped out near Fort Wallace, off the old stage road at Monument Station, Kansas.

The news spread as rapidly as a prairie fire in a strong wind.

The German family were on their way to Colorado to try their luck in the new West. Mostly, they were caught up in the spirit of the adventurous pioneers pushing westward.

It was dusk when John, his wife and seven children prepared to camp for the night. Hearing rustling noises, John quickly grabbed his rifle and went exploring. He didn't have a chance!

A band of seventeen Cheyenne warriors, emitting their shrill war cry, hurdled the deep ravine nearby, quickly surrounding the group. Before John could even raise his rifle, the Indians had swooped down on the hapless family, blazing away with musket fire.

Caught in the withering cross fire, the bodies of John, his wife, an only son, and two older daughters were literally blown apart by the heavy barrage.

Sacking the wagon for provisions, one of the Indians saw four frightened little girls huddled together in the bushes. In a scalping mood he strode towards them, brandishing a long knife. But he was stopped in time by the leader.

"No kill," he shouted, "we take them back to camp. Alive. We show white soldiers we take prisoners, too."

The Cheyennes and Arapahoes plundered and marauded the new immigrant groups streaming in from the east ... until General Custer put an end to it. But the tranquility was shattered in 1864 when the Colorado militia murdered one hundred Indians.

A council of war was immediately called by the Kiowa, Comanche, Cheynne, and Arapahoe tribes. The decision made at Medicine Lodge, Barber County, Kansas was to "meet fire with fire."

As one chief summed it up, "White man has too long taken our fields. Buffalo is getting scarce. And now they spill blood of our brothers. I say now is the time to take revenge."

Julia and Addie German as they appeared six weeks after their rescue.

Colonel Richard Irving Dodge, in the *Plains of the West,* wrote, "at least five million buffaloes were slaughtered in the three years leading up to 1874."

The railroads crisscrossing their lands added to the ominous smoke puffs that flared throughout the west.

The unrelenting war, perhaps the most brutal in the west, carried on for many months at a cost of hundreds of lives and millions of dollars. General Nelson A. Miles was called in to quell the uprising.

With the Kansas City newspapers screaming for Indian blood, Miles at once alerted his men to track down all leads and "take whatever action deemed necessary."

Mostly responsible for the killings in that locality were

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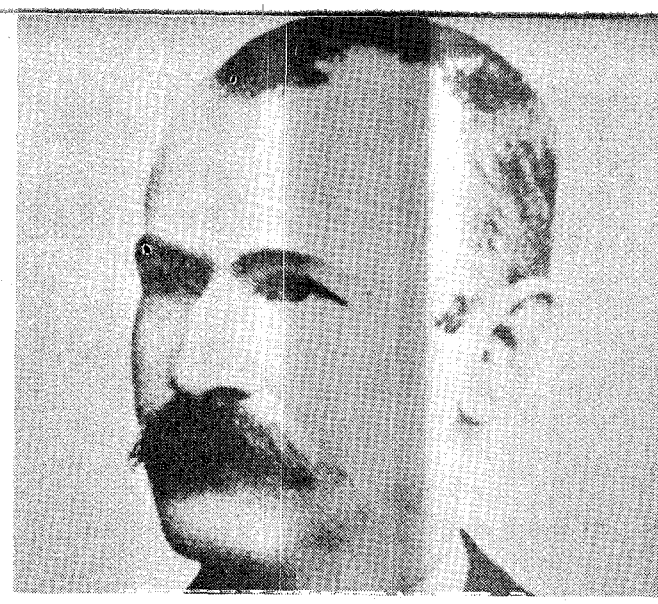
the Cheyennes. Also, they had split into small groups.

As one newspaper commented, "if you'd think you have the Indians cornered in Oklahoma, they'd be out marauding white settlers all the way north to Nebraska."

Indeed, it was Miles' plan to maneuver these splinter groups into the Staked Plains of New Mexico. Buffalo was scarce there in winter, with little or no grass for the animals to feed on.

Tracking a reported Indian trail on a cold, wintry day in late September, Lieutenant C. C. Hewitt of the 19th Infantry led his troops out of Fort Wallace to suddenly come upon the site of the terrible German massacre. Five bullet-torn bodies were lying scattered over the pebbly ground.

In his report Hewitt wrote, "Following Indian tracks I came upon a most awful sight. That of two young girls, a young lad, and two grown-ups, all with gaping bullet holes. It was all too clear it was an Indian massacre by their tracks, and the remains of a half-burnt overturned wagon.



William F. Schmalsle, scout, discovered the hideout of the Cheyenne, leading to the rescue of the two youngest girls.

First photograph of Catherine and Sophia German after their rescue from the Cheyenne March 1, 1875. Sophia is on the left, Catherine at the right.

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"One of the soldiers fortunately found a family bible close by. Looking inside I saw nine names with the surname of German. I was convinced that four of the missing girls listed must be captives of the murderous Cheyennes."

News of the tragedy and the subsequent kidnaping was covered by newspapers all over the nation.

When the girls' grandfather, Thomas German, saw the report in the October 16, 1874 edition of the *Knoxville Chronicle,* he immediately shot off a letter to Lieutenant Hewitt, confirming that Addie and Julia — aged 5 and 7 — Sophia, 12, and Catherine, 17, were indeed the captive girls.

With newspapers everywhere demanding Indian scalps, General Miles began harassing the small bands in earnest, channeling them towards the Spiked Plains. As Catherine, eldest of the captive girls, said later:

"It seems like we always had to move fast. We changed camps so often it tired me no end. And if I lagged behind they would whip me. It seems that I was always preparing ponies for a quick get-away."

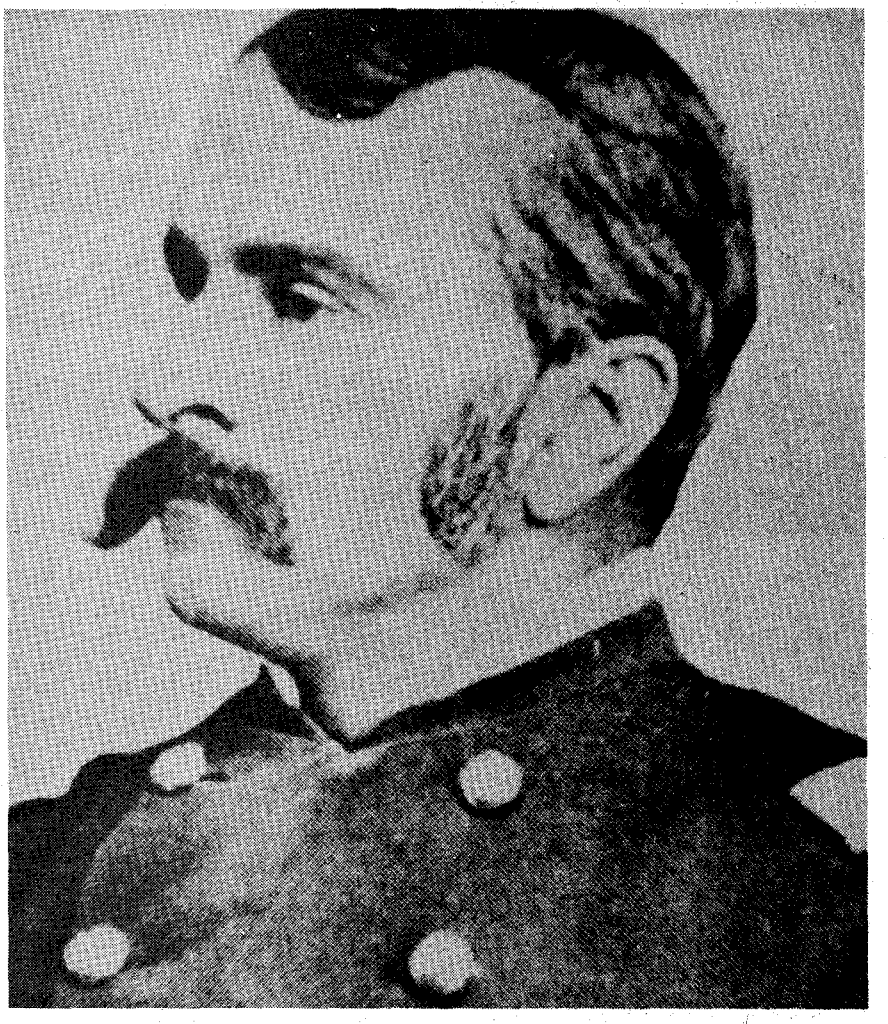
On November 8, 1874 scout William F. Schmalsle scanned the area not far from the Cheyenne Agency in Texas, looking for buffalo or antelope to feed the garrisoned troops. Climbing a hill with a wide view below, he saw not buffalo but a swarm of ponies grazing inside a secluded ravine. He sped back to the agency to relay the news to Lieutenant Frank D. Baldwin.

"There are many Indians holed up at McClellans Creek," he gasped, "They seem well fortified. I'm afraid it will take many more men than what we have to dislodge them, sir."

Baldwin was grim-lipped. "We must take that chance," he said, "To wait for reinforcements now might be too late. You never can tell when a rattler will sneak out from under the rocks to strike at an enemy. We have the element of surprise on our side. We start at once."

As a precautionary move, he despatched Schmalsle to Miles for reinforcements. But he didn't wait for them.

Getting detachments of Troop D of Sixth Cavalry and Company D of Fifth Infantry together, he followed Schmalsle's trail to the creek. The scout was right. There were many of them and too few of his. The biggest weapon at his command had to be surprise.



Lieut. Frank D. Baldwin rescued Julia and Addie German.

It was bitter cold, with a sharp wind swirling dust inside the camp. The Indians were huddled around the campfire, covered by layers of blankets and buffalo robes.

Baldwin directed half the Sixth Cavalry to sneak down the rim to the far left and around to the rear, behind a clump of bushes. The other half bordered the left side. Half the Fifth Infantry crept silently to the right. Lieutenant Baldwin and the remainder of his men led the frontal assault.

At a given signal all groups converged towards the center, blasting away with rifle fire, the smoke screen serving as a cover for their attack. The Indians were completely demoralized. Carrying away their dead and wounded, the Indians were away in seconds on fast ponies, leaving behind a wide trail of dust.

But in their haste they neglected to take along the two youngest captives, Addie and Julia. Addie was found almost smothered under a heavy blanket, while Julia hid in one of the lodges. Lieutenant Baldwin took back with him two frightened little girls, half starved and barely able to walk.

In his book, *Personal Recollections,* General Miles wrote, "Chief Gray Beard of the Cheyennes had a sizable force locked inside a ravine at McClellans Creek. On November 8, Lieutenant Baldwin with his detachments made a sudden surprise attack inside their camp against superior forces, completely scattering the enemy. The Indians took off to the Staked Plains as we had hoped they would. In this campaign, Lt. Baldwin rescued two white girls held in captivity by the Indians. Here we first learned that the two older sisters were still being held as prisoners. And by two different bands. Sophia was being held by Chief Gray Beard. And Catherine was with Stone Calf's group."

The children were taken to Camp Supply in the northwestern part of Indian Territory (now Oklahoma) for rehabilitation.

A photograph of the girls was sent to General Miles. Catherine later recounted:

"I was ushered into Chief Stone Calf's lodge on a cold, wintry after-

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General Nelson A. Miles pursued the Cheyenne and effected their surrender in the Staked Plains.

noon. A Kiowa scout was sitting beside him. When I was shown the picture, I must have babbled incoherently. For all this time I thought they were dead. Then they told me that General Miles was trying to arrange my release."

She didn't know there would be no deal unless Gray Beard also agreed. Miles would not do any bargaining unless both captives were freed.

Chief Stone Calf was the peaceful leader of the Cheyennes. But the radical hotheads in the tribe were looking for the white man's scalp, seeking revenge for military atrocities. Small bands were formed, drawing away from the chief. But Stone Calf was still determined to make peace. He called for an emergency council with Gray Beard.

"White Chief wishes return of prisoners," he said, "He will provide much needed provisions for our weakened tribe."

"And I say no," snarled Gray Beard, "We no trust white soldiers. They say one thing, do another. White Chief will not dare touch us while we still have girl prisoners."

"He has driven us to Staked Plains," Stone Calf persisted, "We starve because there is no grass for buffalo. And it is too cold to sleep with thin garments. I say we must hide our pride and do as White Chief says."

"No," growled Gray Beard, "If soldiers make one move to harm us, I will kill white prisoner."

But General Miles was careful. He made no move in their direction. He decided to wait until they starved themselves into submission.

Later, Catherine recalled how everyone in camp was getting jittery. Heated arguments were going on all the time. When she heard of Gray Beard's threat to kill Sophia, she burst in on Stone Calf having an earnest conversation with a Kiowa scout.

"I'm sorry to intrude," she gasped, "but I couldn't wait. I know my sister is in danger. Can't you do something about it?"

"I'm afraid I can do little," said Stone Chief sadly, "Chief Gray Beard is stubborn. But food is getting scarce. Maybe now he make powwow with Kiowa scouts of White Chief."

Days passed into weeks. And Gray Beard still wouldn't give in.

In January 1875, General Miles reported, "the weather was on our side. It was freezing cold. I had my Kiowa scout make frequent visits with Stone Calf. And through him I learned the Cheyennes were in no condition to resist. But I still dared not make any move. I made one last try at conciliation. I gave both leaders to understand that I will not persecute the entire tribe. Only those that participated in the ambush, murder, and kidnap of the German family."

That brought the half-starved Gray Beard to terms. But in a meeting with Miles' scouts, it was Stone Calf who would not go to the Kiowa Agency. He demanded return to the Cheyenne Reservation.

Even though it was two hundred miles away, he determined to make it even if his men had to crawl. And they had to practically do just that!

It took those brave Cheyennes six weeks to reach the Agency. Most of the ponies had dropped along the way. The weak among them were helped by the few who were able to assist.

This had to be one of the most outstanding sagas of the West: an incredible march of an indomitable people.

Soon after crossing the Canadian River on February 28, 1875, the kidnaped girls were exchanged for a wagon loaded with food, supplies, blankets, robes, and other necessary items.

Once inside the Cheyenne Agency, the now relaxed girls were besieged by friendly Indians showering them with gifts. Catherine suspected they were afraid that she would point an accusing finger at them.

On June 3, after attending Mission School for three months, the girls were escorted to Fort Leavenworth for a grand reunion with Addie and Julia.

Thomas German and other relatives had pestered the authorities to have the girls returned to Fannin County, Georgia. But Miles stated that as long as Catherine was of age, she should decide for herself. He personally thought it best that the girls be under the care of the military for awhile, until the excitement died down. Miles was appointed guardian.

In rescuing Addie and Julia, the United States Congress awarded a medal for bravery to Lt. Baldwin. Congress also provided for Addie and Julia by appropriating two thousand five hundred dollars for each child. After four years of trying, Miles was able to secure the same for Sophia and Catherine.

The captured Indians were locked in prison at the Agency, about two miles from the Mission. April winds were blowing dust in from the open plains when the Indians ran through the soldiers' barricade and escaped. But the Colorado militia soon caught up to them, annihilating all of the band.

Historians assume that some of those killed had a hand in the German affair.

General Miles later recounted, "Many of the Indians killed must have been implicated in the German tragedy. To make peace in the area, I rounded up seventy-five Indian warriors known to instigate massacres and other atrocities, and shipped them to St. Augustine, Florida for imprisonment."

General Miles remained guardian of the three girls until 1876, when he was ordered northwest to smoke out such hostile tribes as the Sioux, Nez Perces, and Bannocks. Miles practically put an end to the marauding Indians of the West.

General Miles and Lieutenant Baldwin received the rank of Major General. When General Schofield retired in 1895, Miles became senior officer in command of the United States Army. He died in May 1925, after an illustrious military career.

●RW

REFERENCE SOURCES:

Captive Girls of Cheyenne by Meredith

Plains of the West - by Colonel Richard Dodge

Personal Recollections - by General Nelson A. Miles.

Knoxville Chronicle - October 16, 1874

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THE AMERICAN INDIAN

REAL WEST facts about the Indian and his way of life.

USE OF STIMULANTS

By NONO MINOR, Curator of Plains Indians, Kansas City, Museum of History.

Stimulants were common among the Indians of the United States before the arrival of the white man. Many of the stimulants had their origin in South America but were found in almost every part of North America although they were not so common in the Arctic regions. However, in most places they were used for ceremonial reasons or as medicines.

Tobacco was one of the most common types of stimulant and was found in almost every part of the country except the Arctic, sub-Arctic and some parts of the Northwest Coast. There were over a dozen species of tobacco found to be native to the New World. The word 'tobacco' was of Spanish origin and came from the word 'tabaco' which in turn was derived from the Arawak Indian term for cigar. Many Indians mixed other plants with tobacco, partly for economy where there was little tobacco, partly to improve the flavor and also to dilute the strength of the tobacco. Tobacco was cultivated more widely in North America than any other plant and was raised everywhere that corn was grown. However, tobacco was raised in a separate field, and the men of the tribes kept these fields, not the women who did most other field crops.

The smoking of tobacco was popular everywhere, with the exception of the Northwest Coast where the leaves were pulverized and then mixed with shell and lime, then made into pellets which were dissolved in the mouth. The Indians of California and Nevada had a similar practice, only here the tobacco was ground in a stone mortar with lime and water, and the concoction was then licked off the pestle; at times the tobacco was made into a drink, or these tribes would chew or eat it. The tribes of the Southeast ate tobacco with lime from mollusk shells, and the Creeks of this area made a 'black drink' which was used in their ceremonial affairs. Most tobacco, however, was used by the shamans. It was believed to establish a rapport with the spirit helpers and drive away disease from the body. It was also used as an incense in religious ceremonies.

Among the tribes of the Plains, the Basin and those of the East, tobacco played an important part in the culture of the tribe. Their medicine bundles usually contained tobacco, along with a pipe which was smoked as part of a ritual for victory in war, for peace or for any important occasion. The medicine bundle was very important and was usually owned by an individual. It was believed that the tobacco in the medicine bag would enable him to establish rapport with the supernatural. It could also mean success in life, war and even prominence in the tribe. Tobacco was used as an offering to the spirit of an animal slain or sprinkled in the corn field, or other crops, to insure good harvest. It was also believed helpful in obtaining a desire or a special wish.

There were few drinks among the Indians which could be classified as being an alcoholic beverage. The Pima and Papago had a wine made from the fruit of the Cacti, such as the saguaro, pitahaya and nopal. The wine was made once a year and was important in their rainmaking ceremony held on New Year's Day. The cactus fruits were gathered the season before and boiled in water until the juice reached the consistency of molasses. This was then stored in pottery jars which were covered and sealed with gum or clay. Every family in the village had such a jar which they would keep and take to the council house when time for the rainmaking ceremony was due. The mixture was poured into large pottery jars and four times the amount of water was added. This was placed over a low fire and kept at the right temperature for fermentation, which took about seventy-two hours. All the men then drank from this, believing that as they saturated themselves with the drink so the earth would be saturated with life-giving rain.

Dasylirion and agave were also used in the desert country for wine making. Their use for food, however, is much older than their use in wine making. The wine was usually made from the cooked juice of the agave in this part of the country. The part of the plant most often used was the bud, although the leaves could be used. First the plant was pit-roasted as it was for food; it was then cut up and pounded to obtain pulp. This pulp was sometimes allowed to ferment before water was added; in some localities the water was added at once. The tribes used the same containers year after year, so each new batch responded to the yeast left from the year or years before.

Corn or maize beer was also made in the desert country. First, the grains from sprouted corn were moistened. They were also shielded from light and allowed to produce sprouts an inch or so in length. The enzymes in the grain became activated when they sprouted, and large proportions of starch were converted into fermentable sugars. When the malt was ready it was ground, boiled for many hours, then diluted and left to ferment. This final fermentation took about twenty-four hours. The alcohol content of this is about 4 to 5 percent. This type of corn beer spread to the Chiricahua, Mescalero, San Carlos and Lipan Apache at a later period in history. It was unknown a century or so ago.

Mesquite and screwbeans were also made into wine in the desert country; this was done by mixing the dried or baked cakes, or even the flour with water, and allowing it to ferment.

Persimmon wine was enjoyed by the tribes of the Southeast. Captain John Smith mentioned this, which indicates it was of Indian origin. Corn liquor is also mentioned but not until the eighteenth century, which could have made this of European influence. Much of the wine consumed in this area was for ceremony or other im-

(continued on page 64)

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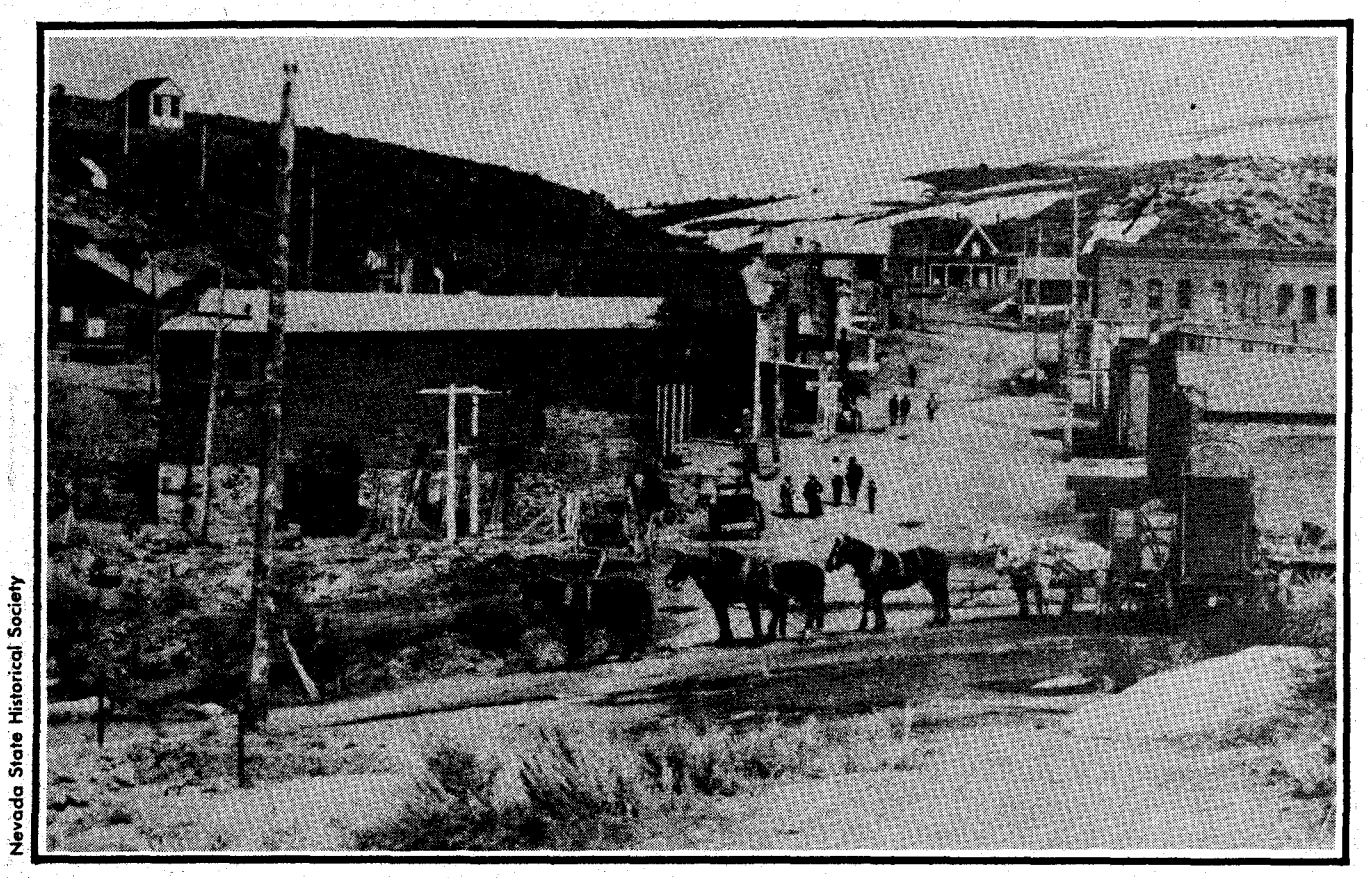
Murder was such a common crime in Aurora, Nevada, a few years after it was founded by gold prospectors, the offender was usually released after a finding of "justifiable homicide".



Nevada State Historical Society

Aurora, Nevada. At one time during the 1860's its population reached 10,000. The lawless element had control of the town until a vigilante committee was organized. They hanged four murderers and law and order prevailed.

A MAN FOR

By DORIS CERVERI

A man for breakfast" was such a common occurrence in Aurora that the law-abiding citizens of the community were afraid to inquire about a victim's identity; they merely accepted the fact or hoped that another bit of riffraff had been eliminated by one or the other of two gangster elements who controlled the town. On one side was a group hailing from the worst section of Sacramento who was in competition with a bunch of ruffians from San Francisco's Barbary Coast.

One night a poor derelict named McGuire, who enjoyed a precarious living around the gambling houses, climbed onto an unused billiard table and dozed off. Johnny Donovan, one of the town's numerous bullies, came in, and, upon seeing the sleeping man, drew a knife and plunged it into the victim's belly. Such a callous act was not condoned, even by the criminal element, so Donovan was arrested and taken before a justice of the peace.

Here it was established that McGuire was a worthless no-account cuss anyway, and in spite of the fact that the murder was committed in cold blood, Donovan was freed and "justifiable homicide" was written into the records.

This murder was by no means an isolated case. Another man was shot and robbed near a gulch filled with slime from the Wide West Mill. His body lay in the street until his murderers decided to dispose of it. Consequently, they dumped the body into the slime pond where it immediately sank out of sight.

The killers were apprehended and brought to trial, but the only witness to the entire affair testified he had heard no shot and saw no one. This, in spite of the fact that everyone in town knew he lived only 50 feet from the place where the killing occurred and had seen it done. Once again, however, the court rendered a verdict of acquittal.

Aurora's undesirables were also guilty of many acts of sadistic playfulness. For example, during an extremely cold night one of their meetings held at a way station near

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Aurora was rudely interrupted by a loud call for help from outside. When the door opened, lamplight revealed a horseman who was invited to dismount and join the motley group.

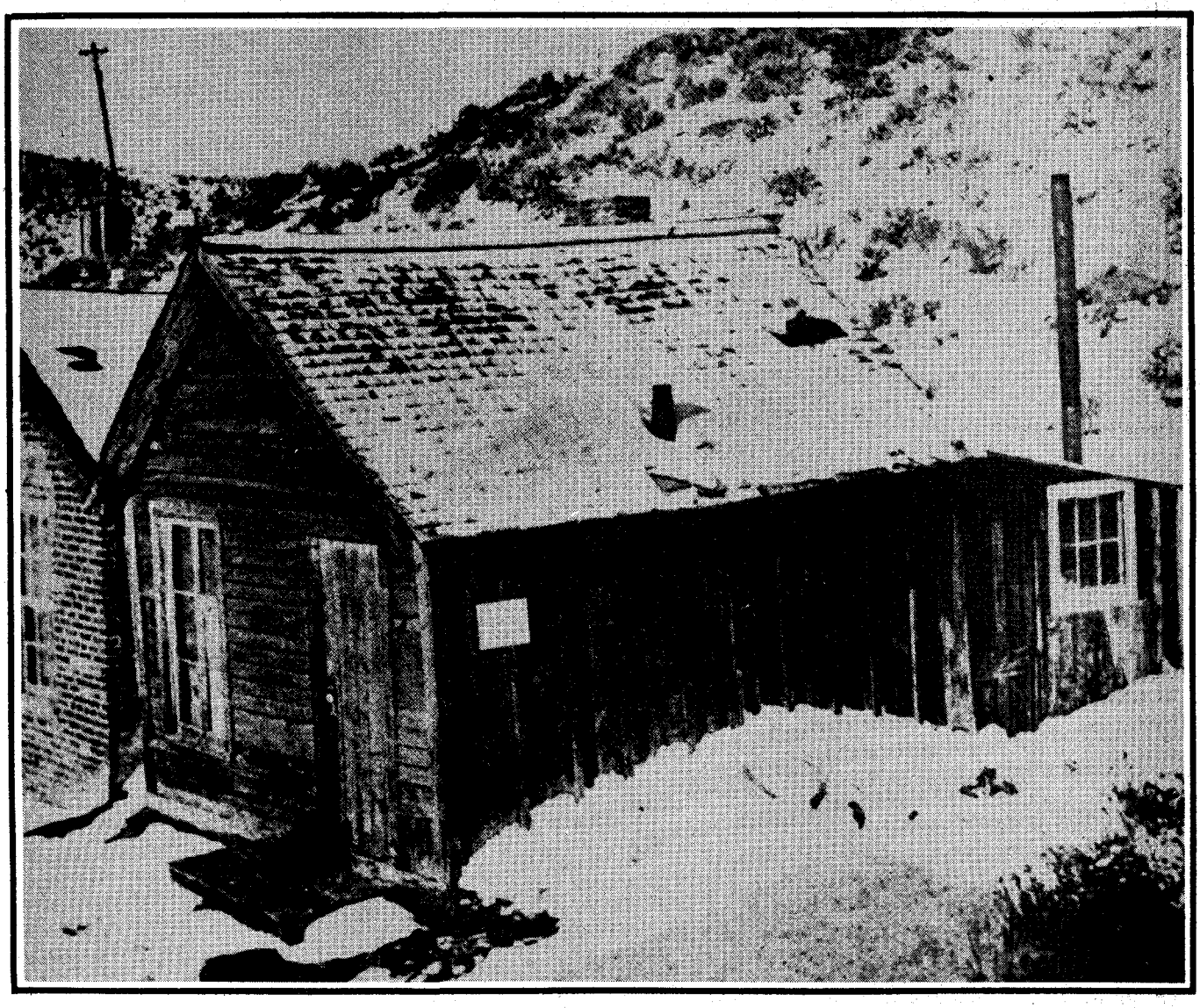
"Give me a hand, fellows," he begged, "I've been riding a long ways and I'm damn stiff and cold.

"Sure 'nuf, anything to oblige a friend," shouted a bewhiskered, slightly drunken individual. Whereupon he drew his pistol and shot the horse in the head. As the animal fell to the ground, he yelled, "Damn it, fella, there's no reason now why you can't get off that no-good horse."

There were many miners in Aurora who sympathized with the South. On the other hand, there were numerous northerners who believed otherwise. As a result, pro-confederacy meetings were held while the Union men in camp organized two military companies — the Esmeralda Rangers, cavalry, and the Hooker Rifles, an infantry group.

Military units met in Armory Hall and the Confederates in a hillside building, one end of which was a few feet above ground. One of the town's youngsters was paid to eavesdrop during the South's meeting and kept the rival group well informed. Orders came from the War Department in Washington directing all military officers to arrest offenders if they made a disturbance and require them to take an oath of allegiance or be imprisoned.

At this time Aurora believed the town to be part of California, and application was made to that state to send men to put down the demonstrations of the Southern Confederacy. In the meantime, the secessionists began to gather up arms, mould bullets, etc. Fortunately, however, no attempt was made on either side to carry out their threats, and the town remained quiet. According to the Esmeralda *Sun* of August 23, 1862, no arrests were made.



Nevada State Historical Society

Mark Twain's cabin at Aurora.

BREAKFAST

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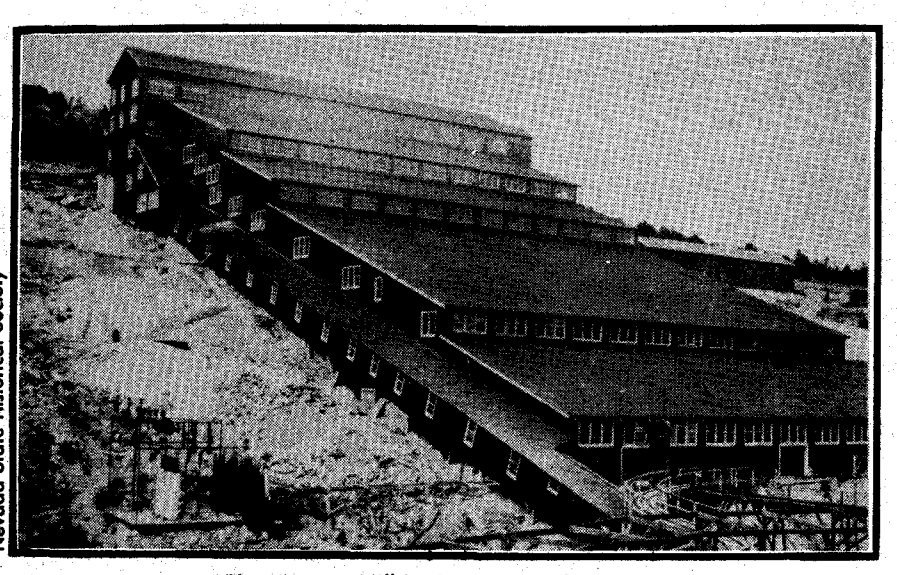

Nevada State Historical Society

The Aurora Mill as it appeared in 1914.

The following September, an election for delegates to a Union convention was held. The ruffian element insisted on voting, qualified or not. Each bully entered one of the polling places with a pistol in one hand and a ballot in the other. At another polling place it was rumored that the ballot box would be stolen. When 50 riflemen appeared on the scene, the box remained intact.

Aurora got its start in August 1860 as the site of the great Esmeralda strike which was dubbed a discovery by pick and pan. J.J. Corey, James N. Braley and E.R. Hicks found the first rich ledges and called the town Esmeralda. Prospectors and others soon heard of it and they poured into the area.

Six weeks later, a townsite was platted to the north of Esmeralda and renamed Aurora. Over 357 locations had been filed by October. About the only thing that did not provoke violence, as it did in other mining camps, was claim jumping. This rarely happened because the recorder practiced the unusual custom of refusing to record a claim until he had personally visited the ground and made certain it was correctly staked.

Corey and Braley returned to California with approximately $30,000 each and settled happily in the prune orchards of Santa Clara. Hicks went to Arkansas with a measly $10,000, and nothing further was heard of him.

In the beginning, on the outskirts of town were hundreds of huts made of stone or dug into the earth with just a canvas roof for shelter. There weren't even any lodging houses fit to kennel a dog, although by April 1863 numerous hotels and rooming houses were available.

Two stages arrived daily, each carrying from 25-30 people. The population soared to 3,000, later ballooning to 10,000, including several hundred women and almost 100 children. In the center of town over 200 buildings were erected, the majority of which were brick, with saloons predominating.

There was no theater, but three things brought out the population, especially the male element: the arrival of the stage which brought welcome mail or someone's sweetheart or wife; a dog fight (reportedly there were two canines for every man, woman and child in town); and the fire alarm.

The Deluge Bucket Company, organized in 1863, was a hand-operated fire rig. During one fire the water supply was meagre, the fire chief found his force of pumpers had given up, and to his surprise women were attempting to do the job. Although the women attempted to be helpful, they didn't have much success, and to add to their chagrin, spectators hooted, hollered and yelled, "Let 'er burn, let 'er burn'."

Life in Aurora was harsh as far as living conditions were concerned. Vegetables were scarce and many miners developed scurvy. Prices for all commodities were outrageous, but one enterprising merchant managed to make a little money by collecting gull eggs on an island in Mono Lake a few miles from town.

These he sold as high as $1.50 a dozen. Miners were only paid $50 a month and board, and the way they whooped it up on Saturday and Sunday nights in the saloons, gambling, drinking and making merry with the "girls", it is doubtful that any of them actually had any money stashed away.

Two churches tried their darndest to save souls, and there was one parson who particularly commanded the respect of all. He frequented the gambling halls, and when he observed a lucky gambler with a sizable stack of chips in front of him, he would tap him on the soulder.

"Don't you think you could donate something to the One who helps you win?" "Help yourself, parson," was the usual reply.

The other parson was popular, too. He taught school, ran a restaurant and was known to help anyone who needed him. He was especially partial to children, giving them clothing and anything else they needed. Every Christmas he had a huge tree, and every child in town received a present in addition to candy and nuts.

Aurora shared with other towns in donating to the National Sanitary Commission which fulfilled a purpose similar to the present-day Red Cross. Among the donations were specimens of gold and silver ores. In fact, the Wild West Mining Company gave a large specimen worth several hundred dollars. This was auctioned off numerous times with all the proceeds donated to the Sanitary Fund.

Sherman, a newspaper editor, later took the specimen to Boston and presented it to the president of the Pilgrim Society there. In return he was given a fragment of Plymouth Rock. When he brought back the fragment to Aurora, a hole was made in the courthouse wall and the bit from the Atlantic shore was cemented into it. Today there is no record of what happened to the fragment of stone after the courthouse was torn down.

Aurora's ore was so rich it had to be dug out with picks, but the deepest workings went down to only about 94 feet. The Wide West Mine made its largest production from within 50 feet of the surface. A whopping total of $27,000,000 in bullion was shipped through Wells Fargo up to 1869, and the ore was found in fine-grained white quartz; free gold was present even in the richest ore. Although early bonanzas petered out by 1869, the district continued to produce sporadically up to 1882.

In the midst of all this feverish mining activity, Aurora's residents never knew whether they were a

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part of California or Nevada. California created Mono County in 1861 and named Aurora the county seat. Likewise, James W. Nye, first governor of Nevada territory, proclaimed Esmeralda County and named Aurora as county seat. Nye naturally wanted Aurora's riches to boost Nevada's economy. Neither the territory or the State of California would relinquish claim.

California's legislature did appropriate money to have the U.S. surveyor establish a boundary line. Nevada's survey showed Aurora to be in Nevada, but California refused to give up so easily, so a new survey was agreed upon. In the interim, Nye appointed a sheriff, a clerk and three county commissioners and ordered Judge Turner to hold court in Aurora. Judge Baldwin of California was already presiding in Aurora for Mono County.

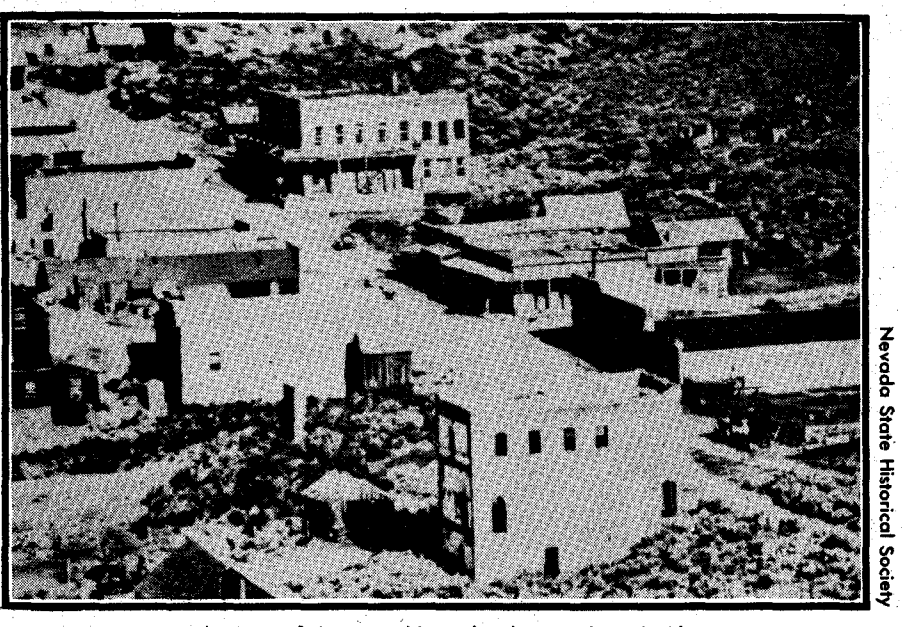
Election day arrived before the survey party, and two elections were held, one for each county. Voters elected two sets of county officials, and representatives were duly sent to the California State Assembly and the Nevada Territorial Legislature. Finally, the survey was completed and it was definitely agreed that Aurora was Nevada property.

Judge Baldwin and the rest of his official family closed up shop, loaded all their records on a wagon and settled in Bridgeport which was then designated as the county seat of Mono County. (Aurora was later placed in Mineral County in 1911.)

The criminal element kept on their merry way while miners grubbed laboriously in the earth, and the city government struggled to get out from under California's rule. Aurora's citizens, in the meantime, finally reached the breaking point in their relations with thugs.

Matters reached a climax when, in April 1863, James Sears, one of Daley's buddies, stole a horse from Hoy's Station on the Walker River. The owner of the horse followed as far as the farming community of Wellington. There he told his tale to W.R. Johnson, owner of a station nearby.

Johnson, unable to leave his post, asked an employee, J.A. Rogers to follow Sears and recover the horse. Rogers overtook the thief and emptied two loads of buckshot into him. When the gang heard this, they decided to kill Johnson, for some reason holding him responsible more than Rogers for killing Sears.



Nevada State Historical Society

A view of Aurora, Nevada during the 1910's.

In the meantime, Johnson was transferred to another station at Adobe Meadows, a move made possible unbeknown to him by an agent of the gang. Before he arrived at Adobe, he stopped off at a saloon and enjoyed an all-night spree. About 5 a.m., when he was returning to his lodgings, Daley shot him. William Buckley drew a knife across his throat; John McDowell, alias "Three-Fingered Jack", and James "Massy" Masterson rifled his pockets and set fire to his clothing.

This atrocity proved to be the last straw. Enraged citizens united and formed a Citizens Protection Committee composed of over 400 individuals. According to this group, two men had seen the murder committed. However, these men indicated they would be afraid to testify in a court of law, but it was believed that if they were brought before the newly organized group they would be compelled to tell without fear of reprisal.

A jury, some of them members of the committee, gathered information, and a day after the murder made a partial report, only taking a recess to attend the Johnson funeral, the largest in attendance of any ever held in Aurora.

The jury accused Daley, Buckley, McDowell, Masterson, Wash Parker, Phiney Gardiner, L. Vance, Italian Jim (who, trying to escape, had been caught and turned informer), and there were several others of lesser importance.

The committee seemed to give people courage, for numerous witnesses came forward and told their story. Finally, 12 prisoners were incarcerated in the little jail (from which two men had previously escaped). The jail was guarded 'round the clock, and armed men guarded the coroner's office and all members of the jury. Men with shotguns patrolled Aurora streets both day and night. It was unusual to have such a quiet town!

Some of the criminals who were not caught in the first roundup were eventually captured by a posse of ten. By this time Aurora's citizens were considerably impressed with the committee, and those who had not signed up to serve in the beginning hurried to do so until the membership swelled to over 600.

Quasi-martial law was directed by John A. Palmer who had had previous experience in such matters in another state. Directions and recommendations of the committee were governed by a select executive committee of 12 men. After the committee was satisfied that all the criminals had been arrested, they gave them a trial.

Several prominent attorneys of Aurora took part in the deliberations. One of the most noted was E.W. McKinney who afterward served on the Supreme Court in California. No one wasted any time; trial proceedings were short and to the point, with most of those arrested found guilty.

Daley, Buckley, Masterson and McDowell were sentenced to be hanged on February 9, exactly one week after the murder. The other riffraff were ordered to leave town and never return. When the day of

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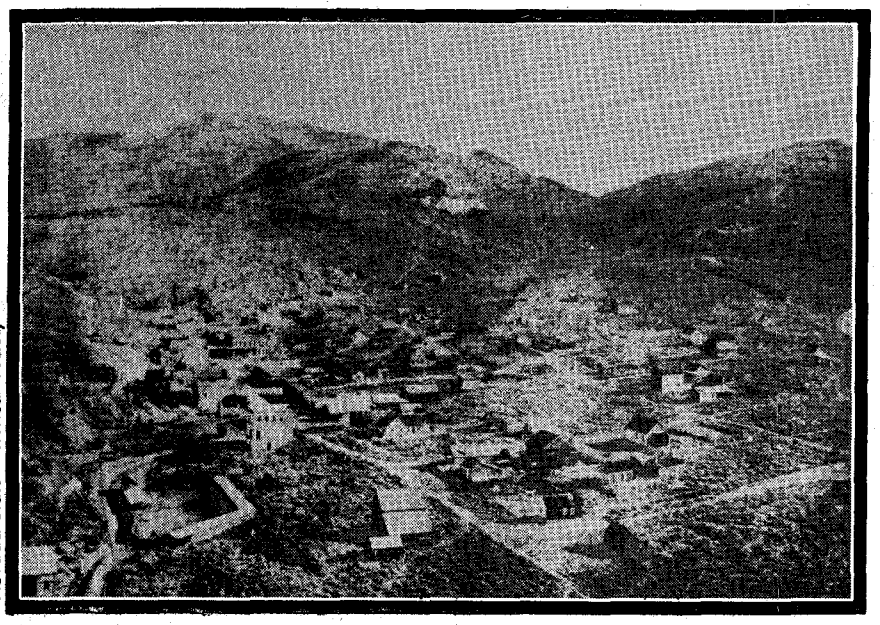

Nevada State Historical Society

Bird's-eye view of Aurora, Nevada during its heydays.

execution came, the prisoners were led out of jail one at a time. Guards were posted everywhere, and hundreds of people came in all sorts of contrivances from miles around to witness the affair.

The scaffold was built on the hillside in front of Armory Hall. Meanwhile, Governor Nye in Carson City had been informed of the committee's organization, the apprehension of all the criminals, their subsequent trial and sentencing. He sent a telegram advising the County Commissioners to maintain order at all costs and that he was leaving for Aurora immediately. Samuel Youngs, one of the commissioners, wired back in classic fashion: "All quiet and orderly; four men will be hanged in half an hour."

Buckley was taken from jail first. He refused a drink and spoke coolly and respectfully, saying that he and Daley were guilty but that Masterson and McDowell were innocent.

"I deserve to be punished and I die a brave man. Adieu, boys, I wish you all well. All you boys come to my wake tonight in John Daley's cabin; be sure of this. Good-by; God bless you all." Then he dictated a note to his brother, Chris, a prominent member of a San Francisco political party.

Daley requested all the brandy he could drink. He drank freely and was all right until he reached the scaffold. He staggered on the platform, and when he had to stand up for the fateful moment, he had to be helped to his feet. He then spoke loudly, using obscene language. He said he was glad he killed Johnson because Johnson had killed his partner.

Masterson claimed coolly that he was innocent. McDowell, like Daley, drank a large amount of liquor. He raved and ranted, all the while asserting his innocence. Just before his arms were tied he took a derringer out of his shirt, aimed at his heart and pulled the trigger. The cap snapped without firing, and he tossed the gun to the ground with an oath.

A small cannon signaled the trap's fall, and the bodies swung from the gallows until dark before they were cut down.

Following the execution, there were rumors that a gang from Virginia City was enroute to Aurora to get revenge. Later, members of the committee arrested several likely suspects in the saloons and put them in jail. The prisoners, believing they were to be hanged at sunrise, made all sorts of rash promises.

They were left to cool off for awhile until the committee felt they had been scared witless. When they were released, they were supplied with saddle horses and escorted out of town with the warning never to show themselves in Aurora again.

By the time Governor Nye arrived in town, accompanied by a U.S. Marshal, a provost marshal and his nephew, a prominent Auroran, Bob Howland, the place was the picture of serene contentment, but grisly evidence remained. The gibbet, with its gangling ropes still swinging in the breeze at the entrance of main street, looked like it had been used.

The governor reportedly inquired, "What's that up there?"

Howland answered, "That's the Aurora hay press."

"I am sorry lumber is so expensive here," replied the governor, "it ought to have been longer so as to hold more."

Later, the governor demanded that citizen's committee surrender their weapons, but his request was refused. The governor was informed that since the boundary dispute had not been resolved, the town's citizens perhaps belonged to California's jurisdiction and therefore they could not turn over their arms to a Nevada official.

Some time after, the District Court called a grand jury to investigate public offenses. This august body reported that the Citizen's Protection Committee was composed of over 600 of Aurora's most substantial law-abiding citizens. It also pointed out that in a three-year period some 27 citizens had been violently disposed of and the sworn guardians of the law had disregarded the activities of many notorious villains. Their report, therefore, was more of an indictment of the law officers than of the committee.

Never again did Aurora experience any violence. The criminal element learned that there was a limit to what "the better class" could and would endure.

Numerous attempts were carried out to find ore deep down, but water flowed so copiously that mining became impractical and the camp faded away. At the beginning of World War II approximately 100 buildings remained standing in Aurora, some containing furnishings inside, and about 35 of these were brick or stone. By the mid-50's nothing was left. Bricks were hauled away to other communities to build new houses. Most of the wooden buildings collapsed, and the entire area was destroyed by vandals. Bottle hunters and relic hunters did a good job of looting. Nothing much remains today to mark the spot of a rip-snorting, lively community that fought hard while it lasted. ●**RW**

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Mining Districts & Mineral Resources of Nevada-Lincoln

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Gold, Guns, & Ghost Towns, W.A. Chalfant

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West Point Museum Collection

Sarah Borginnis, "The Great Western", ran a hotel in Mexico for a short time during the Mexican War.

TEXAS Had The FIRST WAC

By A. A. McDonald

The soldiers of the Seventh Infantry in the Mexican War, 1846-1848, called Mrs. Sarah Borginnis the Great Western. Technically, she was a laundress but this six-foot plus won fame at Fort Brown and later in the Battle of Buena Vista.

Texas had the first Wac! Actually it did. And she was not in the Second World War nor the First nor the Spanish American, not even the Civil War, but in the Mexican War 1846-48 just a few years more than a century before the Wacs were officially organized in the 1940's. Her name was Sarah Borginnis and she was affectionately called the GREAT WESTERN by the soldiers with whom she served.

Of course, she wasn't called a "Wac" at that time, for the name had not even been coined then. She was a laundress in the Seventh Infantry. At that time if a woman wished to accompany her husband into the field in the army, she might be mustered in as a laundress. And that's exactly what Mrs. Borginnis did, for her husband belonged to Taylor's Seventh Infantry.

Sarah Borginnis won fame throughout the U. S. Army during the bombardment of Fort Brown in the beginning of the war and later by her heroic action in the bloody battle of Buena Vista in Mexico.

Until fairly recently, the name of the Great Western had been obscured in the mists of time, and history had all but bypassed her. Only short sketches of this remarkable woman appeared until 1955. Ninety-nine years after the war in which she so valiantly fought started, a fine historian, Edward A. Wallace, wrote the excellent book, *The Great Reconnaissance,* which depicted the pioneers and scouts who brought civilization to the Great Southwest. In this book Wallace devoted five full pages to the Great Western.

Just a year later in 1956, *Life* published a first-hand account of the Mexican War by Samuel Chamberlain. Chamberlain, a fuzzy-faced teenager wrote a robust true adventure story of love and war. He made sketches of the battles in which he fought and of the people he en-

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American charge at Buena Vista during the Mexican War.

U.S. Signal Corps Photo in the National Archives

countered and later colored them. His story contains the only known picture of the Great Western, a water-color painting of her in her saloon in Mexico. He also definitely established that the Great Western was a flesh-and-blood woman and not a myth dreamed up by the soldiers. He identified her as Mrs. Sarah Borginnis, a laundress of the 7th Infantry.

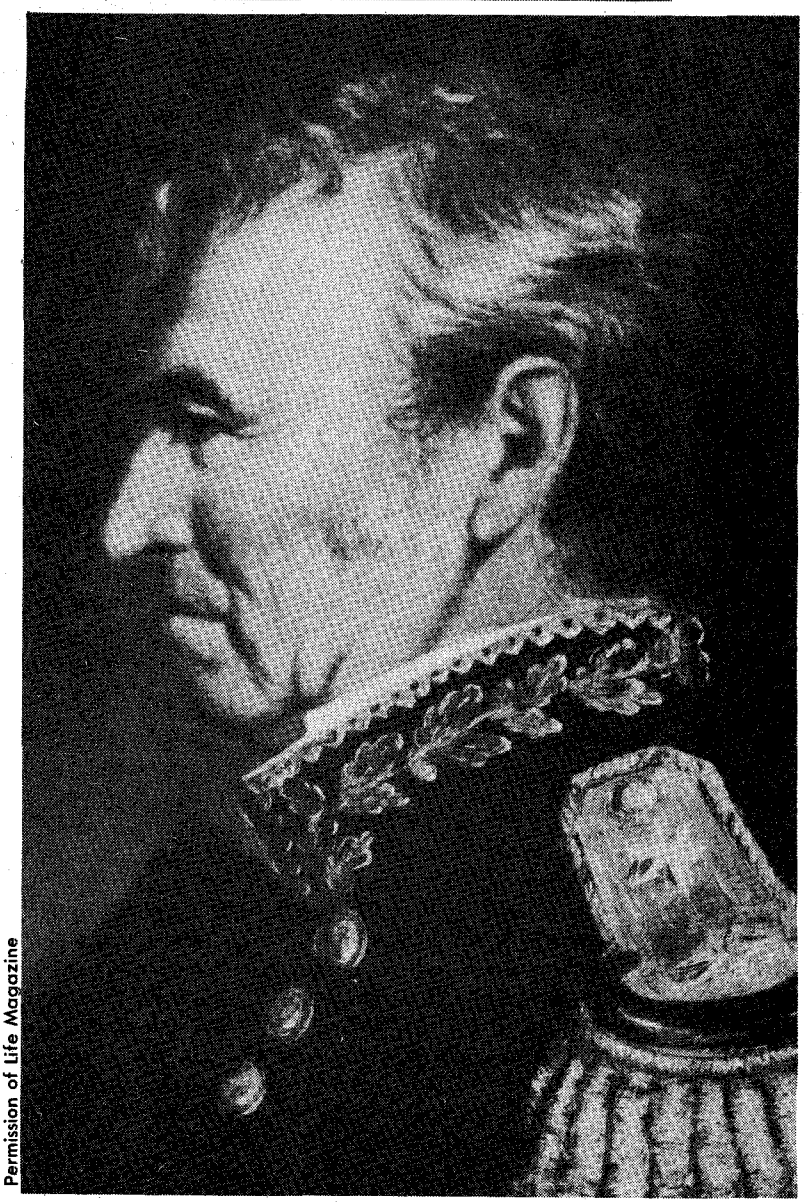
The Great Western was of heroic size, being over six feet tall and robust, with huge hands and great strength. Her courage was epic. Formidable in battle, she showed the greatest tenderness to the wounded soldiers. Her heart was as gargantuan as her great body.

Wallace, after the publication of *The Great Reconnaissance,* established the birthplace of the Great Western as Clay County, Missouri. When or why she came to Texas is not known, but it is a fact that she showed up in Corpus Christi when Zachary Taylor was whipping the Seventh Infantry in shape to invade Mexico should the occasion arise. Texas, which had once been a part of the Republic of Mexico, had won its freedom from the mother country in 1836 and had operated as a republic for almost ten years.

It was annexed to the United States in 1845, and Santa Anna, president of Mexico and the self-styled Napoleon of the West, was quite unhappy over the annexation. War with Mexico was expected at any day. And so General Taylor was in Corpus Christi with his Seventh to be ready. It was there that the Great Western was mustered into the army as a laundress.

It was not until a bright winter morning that the boys of the Seventh came to know Sarah Borginnis, the Great Western. A group of soldiers were idly talking near a barracks building when a veritable giant of a woman came walking toward them. Her Amazon-like size amazed them, and they stared long and hard. One wise guy gave a wolf whistle. At the sound she pivoted, picked him up as easily as if he were a match box and held him up against the wall. Her angry green eyes impaled him. Finally he struggled out an apology. "Please ma-am," he stuttered, "I didn't mean no harm. No ma-am, I promise I'll never disrespect you again."

The enraged woman did not reply. She dropped him and he fell like a sack of potatoes, and then she walked across the compound. And thus the Seventh met Sarah Borginnis who was destined to become a legend in her own lifetime.



Permission of Life Magazine

General Zachary Taylor became a hero in the Mexican War. He was later elected President of the United States.

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By the spring of 1846 the boys of Taylor's regiment had come to know and to love Mrs. Borginnis. It was they who gave her the tag, The Great Western. This they called her with affection. It was also in the spring of that year that Taylor marched the Seventh toward the Rio Grande, for by that time the entire nation knew that war with Mexico was inevitable. And with the Seventh marched the Great Western.

The destination of Taylor's men was Brownsville, Texas, directly across from Matamoros, Mexico. Enroute, the regiment halted for a short time at Arroyo Colorado. Suddenly, from the opposite side of the river a guerrilla band opened fire. It was then that the Great Western showed her mettle. Striding up to Taylor, she saluted and begged him to let her go across the Rio Grande and clean out the snipers. "I can whip them all," she told him, "all by myself."

Taylor did not doubt but what she could do just that, but he detailed General William Worth to do the job. Worth completed his mission shortly, and the Seventh resumed its march.

The very first U.S. Military post in Texas was Fort Brown in Brownsville, Texas, and it was there that the Seventh was quartered. Taylor left a small force at the fort and took the main part of his regiment to the mouth of the Rio Grande to set up a supply base.

The Seventh bivouacked the first night and all was quiet. But the next morning the war really erupted. The Great Western was readying breakfast to serve to the officers when the Mexican soldiers across the Rio Grande opened up with a bombardment. All the other women in the fort were hurried to safety underground, but the Great Western stubbornly refused to leave. She said simply that she must feed her "boys". And she did just that, for although the air was thick with shells and bullets, she continued cooking breakfast. She fed the officers under fire and then carried steaming coffee to the men.

The siege continued for a week, but the Great Western stuck it out. Once, when the going got particularly rough, she asked for a musket so she might defend herself. Finally Taylor returned and the siege ended. The admiring soldiers then pinned another sobriquet upon Mrs. Borginnis, "the Heroine of Fort Brown."

Taylor then started on his campaign into Mexico. The United States had declared war on the land south of the border in May, 1846. And, of course, the Great Western went along with her commander and her "boys". She even went into business in Mexico, establishing a hotel for the comfort of the men. Sam Chamberlain in his story, *My Confession,* related that her place was called the American House. A Dr. Wislizenus, who was with Donaphin from Chihuahua to Satillo, wrote that he stopped in the last mentioned city to call at the "hotel kept by that celebrated Vivamdiere, honored with the nom de guerre (The Great Western), whose fearless behavior during the Battle of Buena Vista was highly praised."

He also noted that she dressed the wounds of many soldiers on that day and even carried the disabled men out of the field to safety. She was in the thick of the great bloody battle, showing great courage.

It was also during the Battle of Buena Vista, February 22 and 23, that the Great Western showed her intense loyalty to General Taylor. In the battle a band of Indiana Volunteers were routed by a group of Mexican lancers and pushed back to Satillo. The Great Western had taken a short break from the battle and was in her American House when one of the Volunteers burst in and cried that Taylor was defeated.

Calmly the huge woman set down a tray of drinks she was serving, and with a blow of her great fist sent the bearer of the news crashing to the floor. Towering above him and roaring like a lion, she told him he was a dirty liar and that there were not enough Mexicans in the entire Republic of Mexico to whip General Taylor. And sternly she warned the soldier not to ever repeat the "lie" about the commander. He didn't.

During the time she was in Mexico, the husband of the Great Western disappeared. Doubtless he was killed in action. After the war ended in 1848 a squadron of dragoons was ordered to proceed to California. Samuel Chamberlain was among the boys heading west and reported that just as the men were ready to take off, the Great Western raced up on a horse and asked General Rucker, the commander, if she could join the dragoons. He told her that indeed she might if she married one and mustered in as a laundress.

The Great Western saluted the commander and then pranced her horse up and down before the line of men, asking for a husband. Since she was a marvelous cook and all the men adored her, she soon acquired a husband, a man by the name of Davis. After a short wedding ceremony she was mustered in as a laundress.

But sad to relate, the dragoons marched to California without her as she took seriously ill in Chihuahua and was forced to remain there. She did recover eventually and, after a hard time, moved across the Rio Grande to El Paso where she opened up a hotel. There she catered to the comforts of the teeming mass of "Forty-Niners" enroute to the gold fields of California.

On April 2, 1849 an expedition to explore a wagon road from San Antonio to El Paso, commanded by Lieutenant Henry Chase Whiting, reached El Paso. On crossing the river into Mexico, Whiting met the Great Western as she was preparing to move across to El Paso to open her hotel. Her joy knew no bounds when she saw the American soldiers in Whiting's expedition. One by one she took each uniformed man in her arms and gave him a big hug.

She arrived in El Paso on April 2, 1849. Since Franklin Coons, for whom El Paso was first called Franklin, did not come there until June of 1849, she was in all probability the first Anglo-settler in the city.

It is a fact that she remained in El Paso during the gold rush, but what she did in the years following is not known. Eventually she settled in Yuma, Arizona. And there in 1866 she passed on. After the Mexican War she had been breveted a colonel and received a pension. In Yuma she was buried in the military cemetery at old Fort Yuma under her married name, Mrs. Bowman Phillips.

It was in 1890 that the bodies in the Fort Yuma cemetery were removed to the Presidio in San Francisco. And there now rests the body of the Great Western, our first Wac. She belongs to Texas, for it was from there that she marched to war and acquitted herself with bravery. And truly she was a lot of woman. ● **RW**

REFERENCE SOURCES:

My Confession by Samuel Chamberlain, Life 1956
The Great Reconnaissance by Edward A. Wallace
The *El Paso Times*

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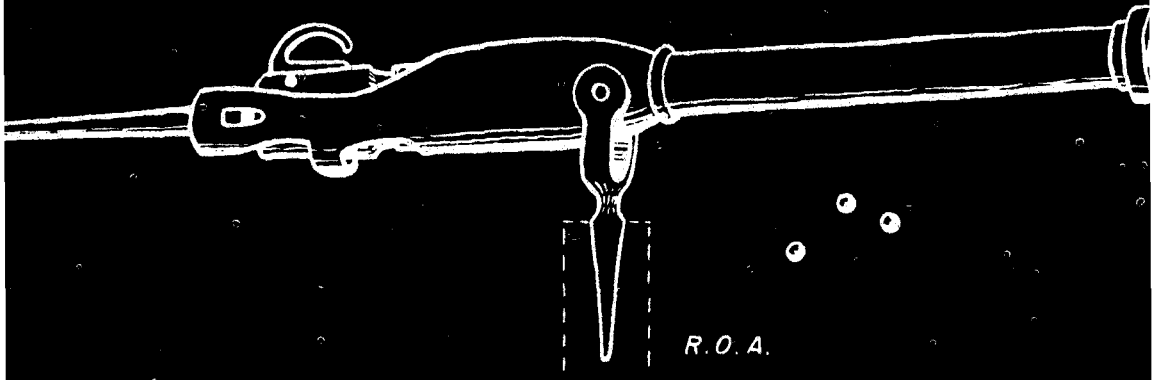
UNSMOKE GALLERY

by Major R. O. Ackern



A COLONIAL SWIVEL GUN
WITH BREECH CHAMBER IN PLACE

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ere in various forms,
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sonnel defense as Lewis and Clark's blunderbuss was intended. Usually bypassed by historians, they often played a big part in the very early days of the winning of the West.

Some of these swivel guns actually were slender, light-weight cannon. These generally had a metal arm extending to the rear, by which each one could be aimed and handled by a single man. This type was originally fired by a second man, with a "linstock", a staff with a smouldering "match" on its end. The match was a nitrated cord, like thick twine, which the crew member blew upon to get the burning end glowing hotly, then plunging it into the primed touchhole. Sometimes fuse was used, similar to lighting a firecracker, but this was slower.

The ignition system of swivel guns followed that of larger artillery, and later on they were used with friction primers. This Civil War period igniter only required a pull on a lanyard cord, giving instantaneous firing. Quite an improvement when Indians were storming the stockade or shooting fire arrows into the log walls.

Here is a strange twist! Many of the first swivel guns brought here, by the Pilgrims and other colonists, were breech loaders. A century or two later, muzzle loaders were used exclusively!

Yes, the earlier types usually were loaded with the ball from the open breech end. Then the breech was closed by a separate chamber which was wedged in place to lock it snugly.

This chamber also contained the powder charge. By keeping several pre-loaded chambers lined up by the

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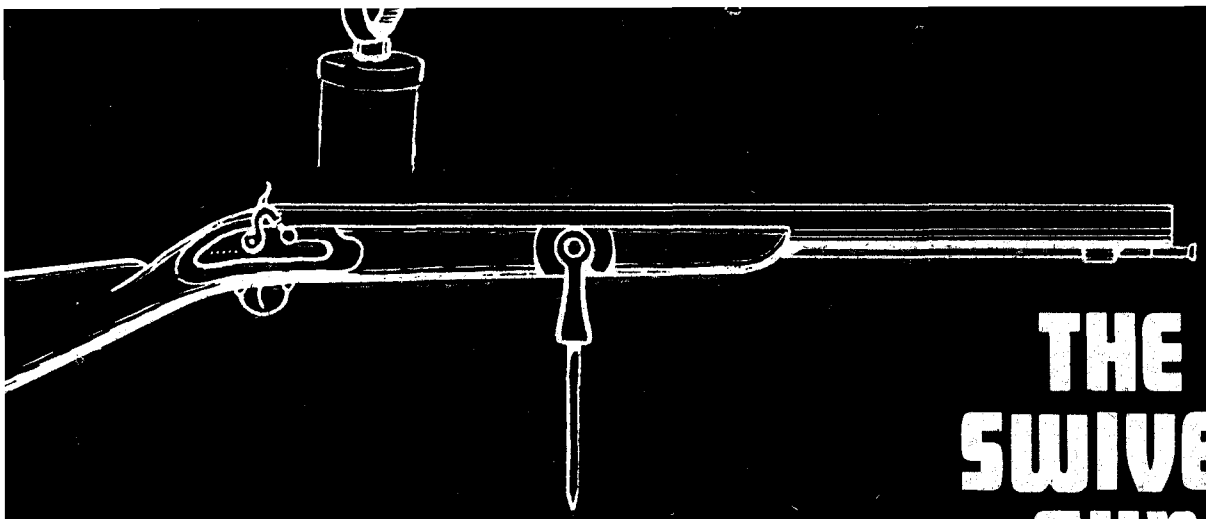

THE SWIVEL GUN

A FRONTIER FORT SWIVEL GUN
AND
A LATER PERCUSSION MODEL

Sketched by author

n, firing was quite rapid with an ex-rt crew.

Much later, the western fron-rsmen preferred a conventional id-breeched muzzle loader for veral reasons. It was cheaper, it was onger, its range was greater, and it ok less training to man one.

Some of those earlier colonial ivel guns had colorful names, pending upon the caliber, length, . Examples are "portingal base", rake", "port-piece", "stock-fowler" d "sling-piece". My favorite is the urderer" — the official name of a ort, stubby type with a flared bore buckshot, a handful of gravel or atever came handy. What a way to e your old razor blades!

In the western frontier forts of a er era, another type of swivel gun came popular. This was like a very oversized musket, with a shoulder stock for aiming. Still a smoothbore, it was made in both flintlock and percussion types. It could be used by one man, the same as an ordinary shoulder weapon, but was much more effective in defending a stockade.

These conventional muzzle loading types could be spun on their swivels to reload, with the muzzle pointing inward. Then they would be turned outward, primed or capped, and fired. They were as quick to load as any contemporary firearm and much quicker than a patch-ball rifle. They had greater range and power than the rifle, when using a solid projectile. With buckshot or any similar load, they covered a wider area than a shotgun, really opening a gap in the enemy line at each shot.

Small wonder that their effect as a psychological deterrent was as great as their physical effect. Lots of potential attackers looked at that line of muzzles along a log wall and simply changed their minds. Why fight when the fish are biting?

The old swivel gun has been ignored by the TV writers as well as by the writers of history books. The truth is that they had them at Jamestown Colony. They had them at Ticonderoga. And they had them in every western frontier fort that could manage to finagle a few.

They were simple, basic weapons with little glamor. But they were devastating, with any fodder that could be rammed down the bore. How can we estimate their unsung contribution to the westward extension of our frontiers?

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THE EDITOR'S CORRAL

I SEE BY YESTERDAY'S NEWSPAPERS

FLOODS IN TEXAS AND ARIZONA

Destructive floods occurred in Arizona and Texas last week, and railroad travel in the former territory was suspended for some days.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, Sept. 2, 1882

YELLOW FEVER RAGES AT BROWNSVILLE

The yellow fever continues to rage at Brownsville, Texas, from fifty to sixty new cases being reported every day. The disease also continues its ravages in Matamoras, Mexico, as many as eleven deaths having occurred in a day. The fever is also reported at Point Isabel, twenty-two miles from Brownsville.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, Sept. 2, 1882

RED CLOUD ARRESTED

Red Cloud, the threatening Sioux chief, has been arrested at Pine Ridge Agency, Nebraska, and is now at large on parole.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, Sept. 2, 1882

RED RIVER CHANGES CHANNEL

A recent rise in the Red River caused a change in its channel, leaving two hundred acres of valuable timbered land belonging to Fannin County, Texas, high and dry on the Indian Territory side of the river. The Indians now claim and are cutting timber from it. The matter was referred to Land Commissioner Walsh, who decided that the severed territory is still a part of Texas and the owners of the land can prohibit the Indians from the timber or any part thereof.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, Sept. 2, 1882

TROUBLE BREWING AT PINE RIDGE

Serious trouble is threatened by the Sioux of the Pine Ridge Agency in Dakota. The tribes can muster 4,000 well armed and equipped warriors. They are dissatisfied with the present agent, and demand that General Crook shall be sent to adjust their grievances. Red Cloud is reported as active in stirring up the hostile feelings. In Canada the Cree Indians are becoming discontented on account of the introduction of railroads in their reservation.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, August 26, 1882

APACHES DEFEAT MEXICAN TROOPS

A band of two hundred Apache Indians, who have been committing depradations in Sonora, a week or so since encountered a body of Mexican troops and defeated them, after which they separated into three bands and made their escape. A number of Americans and Mexicans have been killed by Indians on the Arizona line.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, Sept. 9, 1882

FLOODS COSTLY IN WESTERN TEXAS

The recent floods in Western Texas prove to have been terribly destructive to both property and life. Tom Green County suffered most severely, an inundation in the Concho River sweeping away Ben Ficklin, the county seat, and other villages, and over 120 persons are believed to have been drowned, while thousands of cattle perished and the crops over large districts were destroyed.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, Sept. 9, 1882

WASHINGTON TERRITORY BEING EXPLORED

An exploring expedition, under command of Colonel Chambers, has started from Port Townsend, Washington Territory, into the Coast Range Mountains. One endeavor will be to find the headwaters of the Dungeness River, and another to find an immense plateau said to be situated somewhere in that region, and which has never been trod by the foot of the white man.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, Sept. 9, 1882

YELLOW FEVER SUBSIDING AT BROWNSVILLE

The yellow fever at Brownsville, Texas, appears to be under control, and the disease is diminishing at Matamoras, Mexico, but cases are occurring at many ranches along the Rio Grande. The fever continues to rage in Pensacola, Florida and desolution and suffering are on the increase.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper. Sept. 23, 1882

ANTI-HORSE THIEF ASSOCIATION HOLDS CONVENTION

The Anti-Horse Thief Association held its national convention at Palmyra, Missouri, last week, over two hundred lodges being represented. It is claimed that no one who has stolen a horse from a member of the association has ever escaped.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, Sept. 30, 1882

SETTLING A DISPUTE THE HARD WAY

The owners of two great herds of cattle near Trinidad, Colorado agreed to settle a dispute about the ownership of some animals by a battle between six picked cowboys from each side. At the first fire four men fell dead, and the drover whose side had lost three of the four surrendered all claims to the disputed cattle.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, Sept. 30, 1882 ●RW

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IF CLARK GABLE, JUDY GARLAND AND MARILYN MONROE HAD KNOWN ABOUT BIORHYTHM THEY MIGHT BE ALIVE TODAY!

NEW DISCOVERY OF HIDDEN NATURAL POWER CAN BRING YOU WEALTH, HAPPINESS, SUCCESS . . . EVEN MAKE THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH

SCIENTIST UNLOCKS SECRETS OF WEALTH, HAPPINESS, SUCCESS

Discovery of hidden natural power can mean the difference between success and failure, life and death.

Imagine. You've run out of gas on a cold, moonless night. You're shivering and scared. But you must cross the woods to get home. Darkness conceals hidden dangers. At any moment you might slip on an icy spot, or stumble over a fallen tree. Just as bad, you might walk in circles for hours. Darkness also conceals the one safe path—leading to a warm house, a welcome fire, loving friends.

What if someone came along and offered you a little light? Would it make a difference?

Of course it would. And that's why I want to share MY little light with you. It's called the science of Biorhythm. And it's made the difference in my life between success and failure, perhaps even life and death.

Biorhythm could make a big difference in your life, too. Let me explain why.

How I Discovered Biorhythm

At work, as a teacher, I always demand concrete evidence. Yet, in my personal decisions, I was once in the "dark ages." Like you, I wanted to do the best for my loved ones. To insure my children's good health, my husband's financial success, my own understanding as wife and mother. And, of course, I wanted to *really* understand myself. But I only had "fate" and women's intuition to guide me. Often I was filled with self-doubts. Had I done all I could? Had I failed in any way?

And then a miracle happened.

One of my fears actually came true. While on a business trip my husband got into an accident. Luckily he recovered. But imagine my shock when a scientist friend told me his accident COULD HAVE BEEN PREVENTED.

How could I not listen?

My friend introduced me to the science of Biorhythm. He calls it "the most effective life control known to man and woman."

Clark Gable's Death Predicted

On the John Nebel radio show in 1960, a biorhythmist predicted that, according to Clark Gable's biorhythm chart, the star, who had recently suffered a heart attack, would have a "critical day" on November 16. The biorhythmist urged extra precautions for Gable on that day.

On November 16 Gable died and the doctors, who had not heeded the biorhythmist's warning stated that "Gable could have been saved had the heart machine been available quickly."

The Difference Biorhythm Has Made For Me

Now that *I* understand *my* cycles, I'm less moody, more creative, more sensitive to my family, more aware of myself. My decisions are made confidently, quickly. What's more, physically I feel more energetic, less rundown. It's even helped me to stick to a diet. And sex? Knowing my highs and lows has certainly helped there, too, And as an extra bonus, I even gambled recently during my "high" days, and was called a "born winner."

Biorhythm could make you a "born winner" too. The more I've successfully used this life control, the more I've grown aware of its amazing results for others.

Nature's Secret Clock

In brief, Biorhythm operates on the basis of our natural biological cycles. You know about women's menstrual cycles. Well, scientists can also chart 3 other major cycles: *emotional, physical and mental.* They effect both sexes from the moment we're born. And each of us has a unique pattern, based on our day and year of birth.

When these cycles are at their "highs" we're most likely to give our peak performance. When they're low, the opposite is true. And when the cycles are changing, we're in our critical days. That's when we're most susceptible to accidents and poor judgment.

A recent book on biorhythm reveals some fascinating facts. Jack Ruby murdered Lee Harvey Oswald on a critical day. Sirhan Sirhan's assassination of Kennedy and Arthur Bremer's attempt on George Wallace also occurred on critical days. And Judy Garland and Marilyn Monroe swallowed lethal doses of sleeping pills on critical days.

As the Philadelphia Inquirer (Sunday, November 4, 1973) reported:

"Biorhythm poses such a natural and logical explanation for our fluctuating health and temperament, that it simply cannot be overlooked."

Evidence Overwhelming

Many industries around the world swear by Biorhythm. The transportation system in Zurich, Switzerland, charts its employees. Several European airlines credit Biorhythm for their outstanding safety records. The Swedish Air Force doesn't allow pilots to fly on their critical days. In Japan, 5,000 firms chart their employees now.

The Long Island Press put it in a nutshell on March 30, 1973, when they quoted Russel K. Anderson, head of a U.S. Industrial Consulting firm:

"We have analyzed more than 1,000 accidents during the past two years and the amazing thing is that we have come out with more than 90% of the accidents occurring on the critical days."

Biorhythm May Explain Sporting "Upsets"

Arnold Palmer, considered a "sure winner" at the Professional Golfers' Association play off in 1962 was, biorhythmically speaking, at a low—and ended up tying for 17th place instead. Muhammed Ali lost to Ken Norton on a critical day. As did Floyd Patterson to Ingmar Johannson.

What about the biorhythm scoop on the match of the century!

Bobby Riggs lost to Billie Jean King on a day when his physical cycle was critical and his emotional cycle low. Ms. King, on the other hand, was at both an emotional and intellectual high.

Research Study Now In Progress

Biorhythm is today's most powerful source for self-knowledge and life control. It helps you know the most important person in your life—yourself.

To help YOU discover Biorhythm's effectiveness, the Life Cycle Institute invites you to participate in a special research project. You can see for yourself how Biorhythm improves your health, your diet, financial success, family happiness, sexual responses, vacation trips, everything! At the same time you will be engaging in valuable life-changing research. If you're ready to put a "little light" on your life, see LIFE CYCLE INSTITUTE's special research offer below.

LIFE CYCLE INSTITUTE
Needs YOUR Help In Our Research Program

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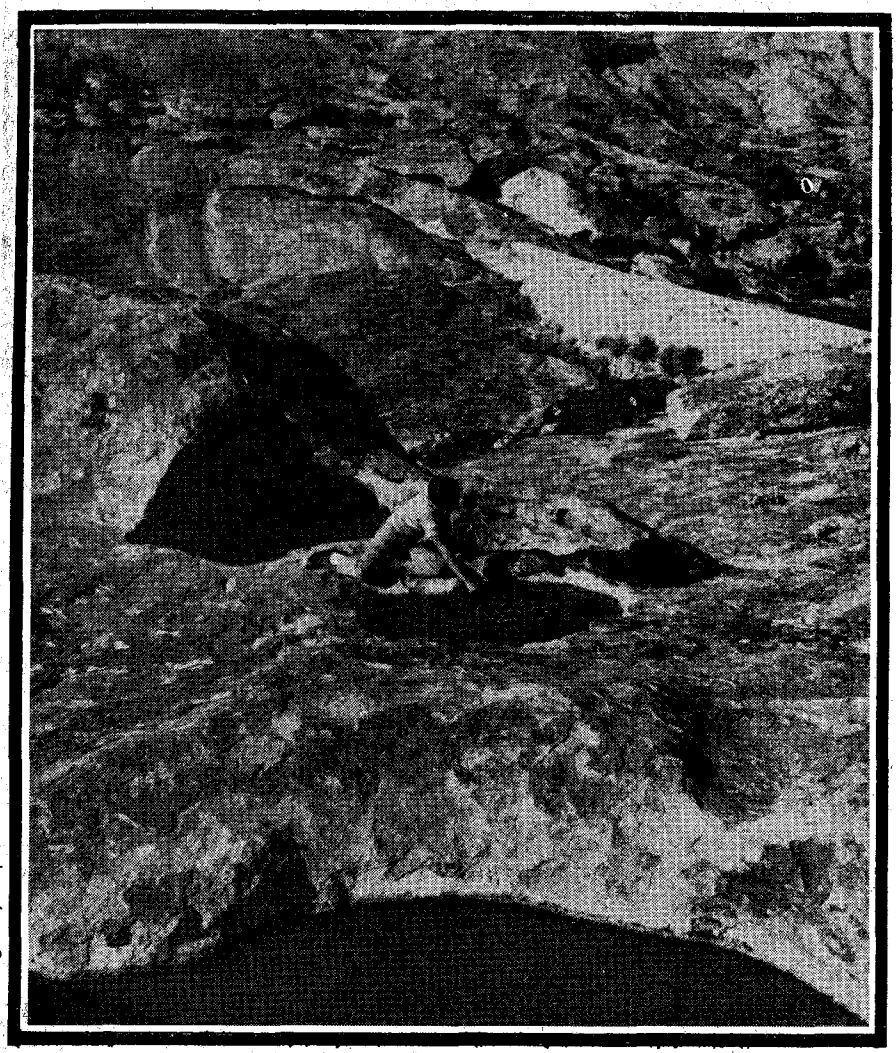
THE HISTORIC HUECO TANKS

By Louise Auer



Texas Highway Department Photo

Precious water from infrequent rains in the desert region of West Texas is caught and "stored" in natural basins of solid rock at Hueco Tanks State Park, 33 miles east of El Paso. For centuries it was a strategic stop for travelers in the arid region. Way station on the Butterfield Overland Mail Route was once located nearby.

In the Hueco Mountains 33 miles northeast of El Paso is the easily accessible Hueco Tanks State Park, the westernmost park and one of the newest in the state of Texas. It has been designated as an historical park, but it is also rich in rugged scenery and in recreational opportunities. It is indeed a happy hunting ground for devotees of Indian and Western lore. Strange are the Hueco (Spanish for holes) Tanks covering a wide area of space — a fantastic stone heap of immense tumbled boulders with numerous and small water holes gashed into the solid rock by the forces of nature. The tanks, the rich, romantic history enveloping them, and the great concentration of hieroglyphics (some of the finest of Indians "writings" in America) have made the place quite famous and well worth visiting.

As an oasis in a long stretch of arid desert, Hueco Tanks have served for centuries as prominent watering points for travelers passing that way.

Long before the advent of the white man and long after, the Indians made important use of these water holes. Here they established camps, held councils and fought bloody battles. The place abounds in caves, great sheltering cliffs, caverns and canyons once used for habitation and fortifications for the red men. Prehistoric tribesmen recorded fragments of their way of life with pictographs and some petroglyphs. After the advent of the white men, westward bound travelers stopped at the tanks and left their writings.

The pictographs are vividly executed in colors — brownish yellow, red, black and white — identified as the work of the pre-Pueblos and the Mescalero Apaches. Among these interesting and symbolic paintings are the "Rabbit Dance", the "Sun Symbol", a headless woman, and various insects and animals.

Spanish explorers quenched their thirst and watered their animals at the historic old tanks. The '49ers found the water holes a welcome rest spot on their arduous trek to the Golconda of the Pacific. And many of these travelers scribbled their names on the rocks, names that are still legible today after more than a century. The earliest of these was W. C. Agurs who made camp in Comanche Cave in 1849.

Other visitors, swept along in the swirling maelstrom that was the great westward movement, made the tanks a temporary camping place on the old Immigrant Trail to California, and they, too, left names and dates behind them. The Indians used the secluded region as a cache for cattle and goods pilfered from ranches and farms in the El Paso vicinity, and when the Butterfield Overland Mail was placed in operation in 1858, a way station was established at Hueco Tanks.

Waterman L. Ormsby, a correspondent for the *New York Herald*, was the only through passenger on the first, westbound Butterfield stage. Hueco's water supply failed and Ormsby described the incident with these words:

"On reaching the Waco (Hueco) Tanks we found an excellent corral and cabin built; but to our consternation the station keeper pointed to two eight-gallon kegs, saying, "that is all the water we have left for a dozen men and as many head of cattle. The Hueco Tanks have been reported to be inexhaustible but the unusual drouths had drained them and the most rigorous search through the mountain did not bring to light any more. The tank had been recently enlarged so as to hold water enough to last a year when the next rain fell but until that time the station would have to be abandoned unless by chance water could be found in the vicinity—".

On a recent visit I found water in deep, cave-like depressions in the rocks — nature built tanks sheltered

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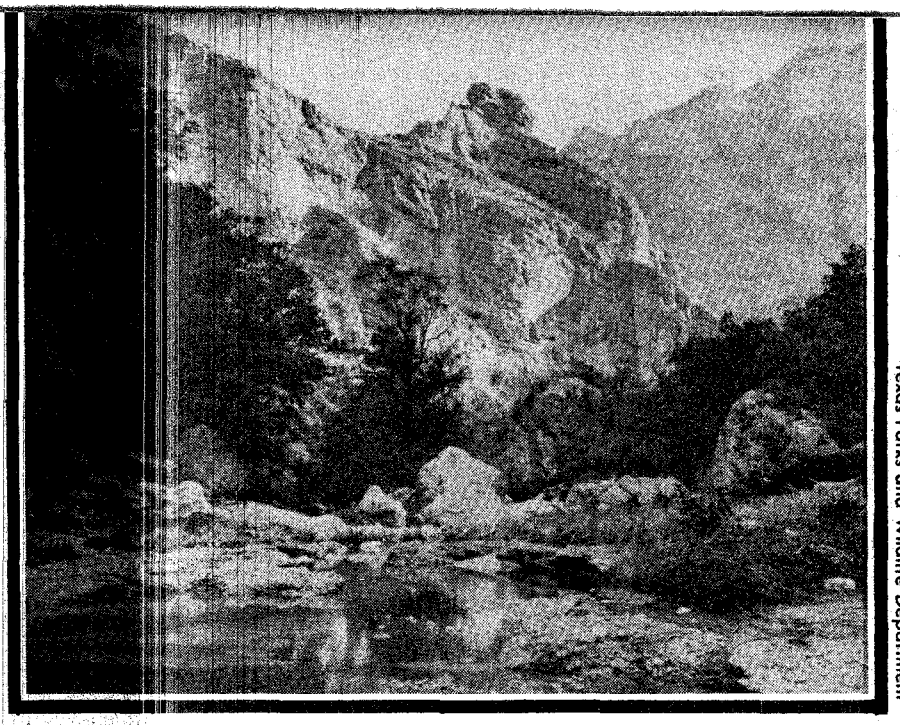
by huge overhanging boulders. Southwest of the road is a natural amphitheater in the rock mass where the Indians held their councils. This tiny field was once the site of a furious battle between the red men and a band of Mexicans. After the initial assault against them, the Indians took refuge in a nearby cavern. They erected a stone blockade, but the Mexicans laid siege and after a few days annihilated the band of 150 Indians.

Hueco Tanks Park is accessible by U. S. Highway 62-180 and Ranch Road 2775. The tanks are contained in an 860-acre tract. Within easy driving distance of the park are the majestic Guadalupe Mountains in the Gaudalupe National Park, the White Sands National Monument and the Carlsbad Caverns.

Still to be seen in the park are the ruins of the old Butterfield Overland Way Station.

In the near future, according to David K. Ferry, Park Superintendent, in a fine article in the January 1972 *Texas Parks and Wildlife* magazine, there will be built for recreational purposes, overnight camping facilities, a headquarters building, rest rooms, picnic grounds and an interpretive center near the ruins of the old Butterfield Way Station.



Texas Parks and Wildlife Department

The Guadalupe Mountains in West Texas.

The scenery of the park is of majestic splendor with huge rock formations more than 400 feet tall. The park contains a natural bridge, two small lakes and many valleys. From some of the high peaks can be seen views of the mountains and the desert in the vicinity. It is a photographer's delight.

Truly the park is a recreational, scenic and historic paradise with its rugged scenery. Viewing its many historical features one may travel back through the corridors of history. There one may enjoy the wild grandeur of nature, and there one may enjoy any number of outdoor recreational advantages. ●**RW**

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COWBOY BURL

(continued from page 21)

out on long conveyor belts to the several shed-roofed troughs in the various feed lots.

All weighing, mixing and distributing to the feed lots so many pounds per animal is done by merely pushing buttons of an electronic device on a wall panel. This automated feeding is not nearly as simple as it sounds. The mixture depends on what type cattle are being fed and for what purpose. One feed lot may be fed a certain formula and the one next to it an entirely different one.

The old-time cowboy would be at a total loss doing this kind of feeding. Certainly the panel board would be a complete mystery to him.

The cattle being range-fed is something he would understand. Baled hay is truck-hauled to the feeding ground, usually in a protected coulee. The baling wires are cut at the open end and the blocks dumped out while the truck moves slowly. If the snow becomes too deep, it is bulldozed off. Cattle know the hay truck by sight and come running to meet it.

One of the pellets mixed in the feed contains vitamins A, D and E. Vitamin A is what cattle obtain from green grass and alfalfa. When the Lazy AC feeds from the silos, there is no concern about vitamin A.

Another pellet mixed with the feed contains calcium, phosphorus, salt and iodine. It is sold under the trade name of Ani-Min-Rel and is produced by the Montana Flour Mills, Great Falls. There are other firms also manufacturing various livestock feeding pellets.

The medicated pellet, containing several minerals, has a regular wheat mill run as the binding material. Similiar types have barley as the binder, especially for calves.

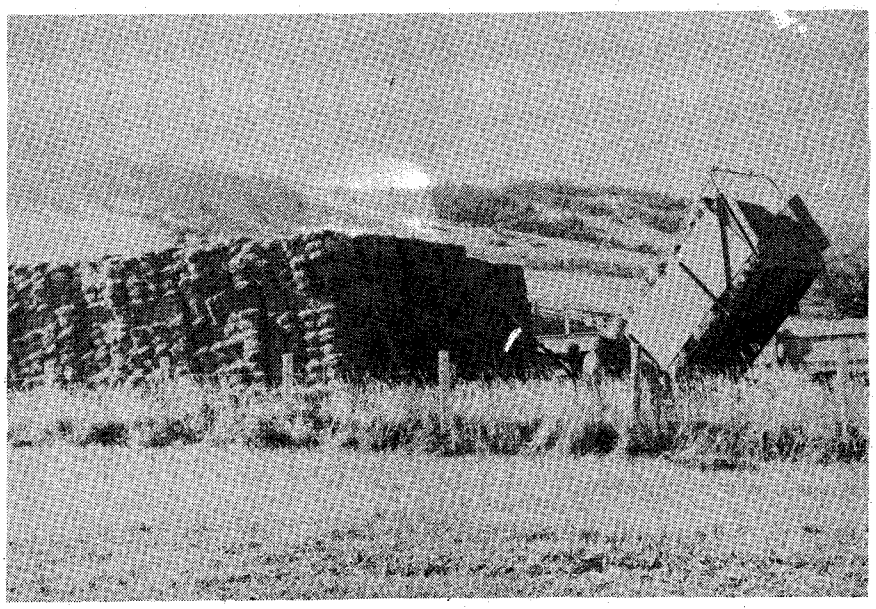
Calves are started on feed early. Weighing about 120 pounds when dropped, they are almost ready to start eating anyway. Their special starting dry feed is placed in a contrivance called a "creek feeder". It is a sheet-iron roofed "dog-house" or all metal, with the entrance for larger livestock to enter.

Calving occurs in late March and April. In case a below-zero blizzard blows down from the north, then there is real work — and plenty of trouble. The cows due to calve are taken into a barn or enclosed shed out of the elements, for a newborn calf will freeze to death in a few minutes before it can possibly dry off.

One sad fact Cowboy Burl learned before he reached high school was that cattle diseases are as close as the nearest hauling truck. This is because, although required by state law to disinfect their trucks between hauls, the truckers do not always do so. Maybe they try, but they fail to do a complete job.

From these trucks cattle can, and do, get pneumonia, rheumatic fever, scours, hoof rot, hardware

(continued on page 56)



Photos by the author

Stacking baled hay with the mechanical stacker that also picks it up off the ground.

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STORY BEHIND THE SONG

(continued from page 30)

arrangements of American ballads, you'll find a very good one of the Red River classic in *Songs of the West* by the Norman Luboff Choir (Columbia 657).

Under its original name, the song was probably done to piano accompaniment in New York places. After it became "Red River Valley", as we have said, settlers would have played it on both piano and organ, as well as fiddle or other folk instrument. Range cowboys would have either sung it unaccompanied or to the banjo, a favorite instrument of the cattle camps since it was so easily transported.

The guitar would later become the favorite instrument of American folk singer. If you are trying to learn country-western music with a guitar, you could make no better start than by picking and singing "Red River Valley" in the key of G, though it sounds bright in the key of E, the latter having been used by the Seegers for John A. Lomax's paperback edition of *Folk Song USA* (1966). This same key is often used by bluegrass bands.

In some versions, the verse beginning "Come sit by my side, little darling" is used as a chorus or a "burden", meaning a recurrent line. If sang as a chorus, it has the same melody as the verse and so is very easily learned.

Summing up the ballad, John A. Lomax wrote:

"There emerges a chorus of great simplicity and a lazy little tune that drifts straight into your heart like smoke from a lonely cabin rising and disappearing into the prairie sky. Breathe this one softly through your harmonica or pump it on your old concertina. You'll hear the summer wind swinging the tall grass. You'll see the sky of the West with its drifting herds of stars." ●RW

REFERENCE SOURCES: Carl Carmer - *Songs of the Rivers of America*
Hugo Frey, ed. - *Robbins Mammoth Collection of World Famous Songs*
Lomax - Seeger - *Folk Song, U.S.A.*
Sears- Song Index Supplement
John Clay *My Life on the Range*
Louise Pound - Folk Songs of Nebraska

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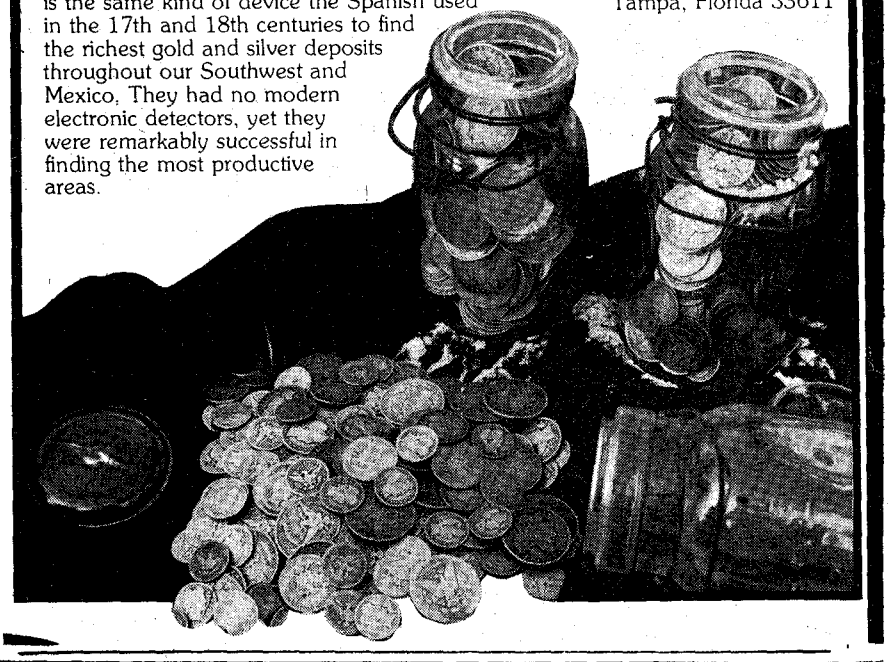

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"THE 49ers' UNROYAL ORDER of E. CLAMPUS VITUS!"

By Clarence M. Fink

Bancroft Library, Univ. of Calif. Berkeley

Jim Gillis and some of the original members of the Unroyal Order of E. Clampus Vitus in later years.

Generally the 49ers were young men, old teenagers and ones in their twenties with a sprinkling of graybeards. Those above the age of 30 seemed to be the catalyst that hardened the entire group. This was the period of coarse humor and muscular activity. This gold-digging bunch went to hard living and hard drinking, and despite the crude meals, usually of beans and fat pork, they always had enough animal energy left to participate in fun and games wherever they might find them.

The miners' work was toilsome and fatiguing but their entertainment of sorts was equally laborious, tempestuous, and wearying. The emotional buildup of mental pressures from their way of life,coupled with the large quantities of alcohol they drank, forced them to find a practical and reliable outlet for their passions. Dancing with their male partners, some of whom simulated unreasonable facsimiles of the opposite sex, was far from satisfying to their egos, though this rough entertainment helped to take off some of the frustrated edge of their inner feelings.

Actually they needed something more to become involved with than just prancing around and drinking, so some of them came up with an old idea of starting a club dubbed the Order of the E. Clampus Vitus. This unroyal Order was meant at first to cut everyone down to the same size and have fun doing it. Let the pompous, the arrogant, and presumptuous individuals take care, for their uncivil laurels were in dire jeopardy of becoming deflated at the hands of the Clampers, as they eventually called themselves! Actually this honorable and ancient Order of E. Clampus Vitus was a burlesque on fraternal orders and became huge enough to end all such caricatures.

The members catered to the somewhat vague slogan of "Relief and Protection of Widows and Orphans" when both were rare as fresh pineapples in California at the time, but they did contribute to many needy individuals in their midst despite being a union of rambunctious and humbuggery males who practiced coarse humor in a hundred different ways. Their absorption with corny jokes and pranks were legend, unbelieveable to most except to the inventors themselves. But their acts of boisterous jocularity did much to cement human relations as did no other single group or independent characters in the gold-digging districts.

The West Virginians were quick to project their claim of being the originators of the Order. Men of other states were not backward in offering their contention or assertion of being the first to start it. But there were many illustrious figures in ancient history, like King Solomon, the Caesars, and Napoleon, that some thought could be claimant for the award. But be what it may, the hard-working gold hunters in California were foremost in joining this zany organization because they craved companionship and could successfully channel their churned up emotions into numerous escape valves that could prevent high blood pressures and other inner explosions of body and mind brought on by alcohol, frustrations and difficult daily labor.

When the Order took root in the gold towns, its members, all with different ideologies from all parts of the nation and the world, were called upon to do good deeds with specific means of assisting humanity despite the Clampers' boast of "We make fools out of men, and men out of fools!" which they tried to follow to the letter with good success. The E. Clampus Vitus, a great equalizer of all types of males, was practically a labor union with a closed-shop tag even though they constantly sought new blood to bolster their already potent forces.

As the Clampers grew stronger, entrenching themselves into the hearts of each community, it was a strict case of having to belong to their organization or face outright social ostracism that could affect your business greatly whether you were a storekeeper, politician, traveling drummer or whatever. If you needed customers, votes or sales, an E. Clampus Vitus membership was the only answer to your problem.

Such was the case in Marysville, California. Lord John Sholto Douglas, the 8th Marquis of Queensberry (the originator of modern boxing rules), was billed to appear at a local theatre, and the miners were all steamed up about seeing him, but on the opening night, the Marquis was shocked to see the crude playhouse as empty as an egg house after determined raids by hungry families of foraying raccoons.

Then, secretly tipped off to the real reason for this atrocious lack of attendance, the Marquis hastily joined the Clampers and was gratified to see signs of "Standing Room Only!" just an hour before his next performance the following night. All other theatrical companies faced the same strict boycott until their managers became smart enough to see the light and join the Clampers. This benevolent fraternity believed in putting every man, high or low, in the same common bracket, and no one complained of being left out of a July 4th parade, expensive shindigs, or other events arranged for special public benefits.

Regular meetings were held during the times before the full moon or afterwards. Irregular or special gatherings could be called at any time during the day or night. Loud trumpet blasts called "hewgags" were given to beckon the "faithful" to these mad sessions and to announce that they had gullible candidates available for their undignified initiations.

The Club's doings were always held in the nearest saloon. At first the hospitality was cordial, warm and frien-

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dly, and after the liquor had flowed freely for quite some time and the new member was introduced to the Clampers, then the new joiner, to his consternation, was presented with a prepared and well padded bill for the entire drink-fest by the proprietor.

The neophyte could do one of two things: pay up and suffer further indignities of hazing or remove himself entirely from the world of the Clampers, which if he was a miner in the gold camps would take quite a bit of doing. If the newcomer hung in there, he was taken immediately to a back room and blindfolded. He was allowed to be seated in the symbolic Expungent chair and rolled along in state down the royal highway to the spiritual stronghold of Clamplia.

This throne seat was a wheelbarrow with a large, wet sponge bottom, and the highway for movement was but a long ladder with the full amount of rungs laid on the floor. Asked if he believed in the elevation of mankind, and if his answer was affirmative, the candidate was swiftly placed on a narrow saddle and drawn up swaying to the ceiling on a block and tackle and left dangling for a spell. Unless he begged off, humiliation of various sorts would continue indefinitely, and there seemed to be no end to them.

A full-fledged Clamper had to carry his extra large certificate of membership at all times in his hip pocket. He was given a firm assurance that he could collect $80 a month on death. All he had to do was wait 11 years after burial and come back in person and collect it. The new Clamper had to respect the high and established members of the Order, the Mighty Humbug, the Noble Grand Chisler, the Great Mountagein, the Noble Humbug and the Guardian of the Hewgag who were just a mere step above the others.

Distinguished men of birth, wealth, and high position suffered through this Mother Lode comedy because they were forced to. The Clampers loved the real gullible members of humanity because it was more fun to terrorize this jittery type. This Order was the one that set the standard for every California hoax and humor, and on rare occasions when their humor backfired and the tables were turned on their jokes, the Clampers sometimes were the ones who couldn't take it when the shoe was on the other foot. ●RW

REFERENCE SOURCES:
The Sierra, by W. Storrs Lee;
The Mother Lode Country, by E. Howes, San Francisco, 1930 and other works on the 49ers.

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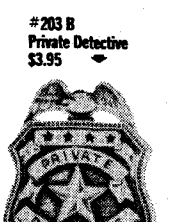
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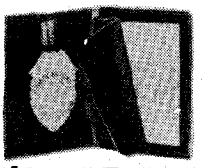

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ASK YOUR QUESTIONS

Conducted by Thomas A. Frazier

Q. I am fascinated by a story I just read concerning your Pony Express. Can you supply some particulars of the mechanics of the operation? K. Hawkins, London, England.

A. Ingenious as the idea was, it was not original. The basic system was employed by Xerxes and other ancient Persian emperors as well as Genghis Khan. The route was from St. Joseph, Missouri, to Sacramento, California, a distance of 1,960 miles. Average time was ten days, although Lincoln's first inaugural message was carried in seven days, seventeen hours. The route was over prairie, desert and snow-packed mountains, some parts of which were infested with warlike Indians. The riders had to be between fifteen and twenty-two years old, wiry and tough. One hundred and twenty-five pounds was the weight limit.

They had to take an oath that they would neither drink, swear, nor fight amongst themselves. Each was given a small, leather-bound Bible. Nearly one hundred youths were employed as riders, and three hundred men, generally older than the riders, were hired as station keepers along the line. Some four hundred horses were used to make the runs. The stations were planted ten to fifteen miles apart. The famous Buffalo Bill Cody was a rider when he was fifteen years old. He was assigned a "short" run of forty-five miles; the average run was much longer. Cody graduated to these longer runs later and many times nearly lost his life to the Indians. The Pony Express lasted sixteen months, the advent of the continental telegraph being its death notice.

Q. In regard to Chief Joseph of the Nez Perce, what was his Indian name and what did it mean? R. Bierne, Gadsden, Alabama.

A. Chief Joseph's name was Heinmot Tooyalakekt, which means "Thunder Traveling To Loftier Mountain Heights".

Q. I am glad that the beaver trade, which wiped out or almost wiped out that fine animal, declined, but what made it decline? V. Cox, Iowa City, Iowa.

A. The decline of the beaver trade, which saved the animal, was for a reason as silly as that which caused their slaughter: the dictates of fashion. Gentlemen's beaver hats, which were all the rage, was where the pelts of the unfortunate rodent ended. They went out of style, being replaced by silk toppers which hurt no one. This occurred in the late 1830's.

Q. How did the famous mountain man, Jed Smith, die? L. Koontz, Tulsa, Okla.

A. On his last journey over the Santa Fe Trail with his brothers, Austin and Stephen, and William Sublette and Thomas Fitzpatrick, they took the dry short cut for Santa Fe at the Cimarron Crossing of the Arkansas. Since they were suffering for want of water, Jed and Fitzpatrick rode ahead to find it. Riding up a dry river bed, Jed disappeared over a sandy ridge. He was never seen again. Later, in Santa Fe his brothers found in an Indian Trader's store his gun and revolvers. The Indian who had sold the weapons to the trader told him that the Comanches had waylaid and shot him as he was digging in the wet sand of the Cimarron for water. The Indian said Smith had killed two of the attackers before he succumbed. His body was never found.

Q. To settle an argument, is Texas a Mexican name? L. Corr, Mankato, Minn.

A. No, it is not. Texas was named after the Tejas tribe of Indians.

Q. I recently read a short reference to the fact (?) that the famous Borden's Milk owed its existence to the Texas War for Independence. Is this true? M. Spiers, Lincoln, Neb.

A. Well, I suppose you could say that. Gail Borden was a printer from Massachusetts who had emigrated to and set up shop in San Felipe. While fleeing from Santa Ana's army, he noticed that of all the babies crying for milk, one was contentedly sucking its supper from a bottle. He asked the mother how she managed to keep the milk so fresh and sweet, which the other mothers could not. "Oh", she said, "I just use enough sugar to preserve it." Borden got the idea from this incident. Borden County, Texas, and Gail, its county seat, are named for him.

Q. Did John Sutter of "Sutter's Mill" go back to Switzerland? B. Dow, Lubbock, Texas.

A. John Sutter, who lost everything because gold was found on his land, finally went to Lititz, Pennsylvania, where he died and is buried.

Q. I think Jefferson Davis' idea to use camels as carriers on the American desert was good. What went wrong? C. Nally, Aurora, Colo.

A. At first glance it appears to have merit. Unfortunately the presence of camels panicked the horses and mules into running away, which caused a lot of trouble. Secondly, while the fine sands of the Sahara were fine for the camels, our rocky wastelands raised hob with their feet, and we had to "shoe" them with leather boots, which cut down drastically on their speed. Under these conditions, horses and mules were faster.

Q. I certainly didn't like your description of the Mountain Men in the last issue. Surely they had other features than "smelly" and "uncouth". D. D'Andrea, Green Bay, Wisc.

A. I'm sorry if I gave that impression. At the time, I was answering a query as to whether they were "romantic". In my opinion they were not romantic because they were rather gamey, due to the butchering work they engaged in and the difficulty in bathing regularly in icy cold mountain streams. On the plus side they were eminently courageous, hardy, tough, adaptable, and as cunning in the ways of the wilderness as any Indian. We owe them a great deal as trail blazers. Some were head and shoulders above the average mountain man, for instance, Kit Carson and Jedidiah Smith.

Q. What kind of a tree is a "wolf tree?" E. Silas, Enid, Okla.

A. A wolf tree can be any kind of an old, big tree that shuts off light needed by younger trees growing under it ... any forest tree whose size and position cause it to prevent the growth of small trees around it. The term is used by loggers. ●RW

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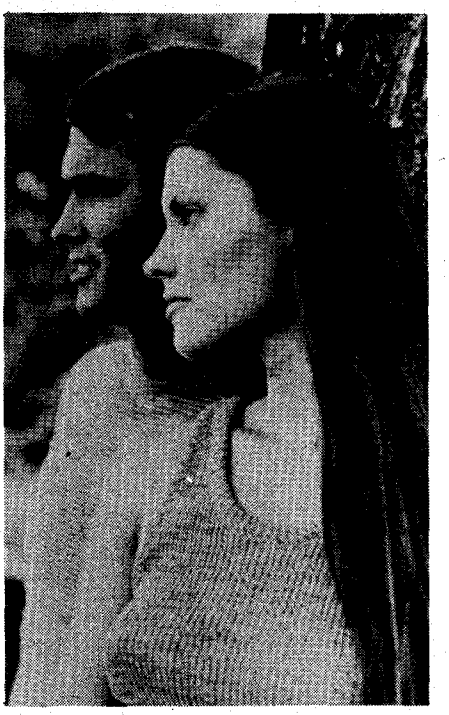
YOUR NERVES CAN CURE THEMSELVES

once you learn how to de-sensitize them, this doctor's ingenious new way...



If You Suffer From A Single One Of These Torturous Symptoms Of Nerves, Tension Or Chronic Anxiety, THEN THE FACTS BELOW MAY BE THE MOST IMPORTANT YOU HAVE EVER READ IN YOUR LIFE!

Because they reveal, for the first time, *how your nerves have tricked you* into the following mental symptoms:

constant nervousness and over-irritation... indecision... depression ...loss of confidence in yourself and others... feelings of unreality... overwhelming obsession with one or two horrible thoughts...

a hopeless feeling that your entire personality is coming apart... that your identity is dissolving... or that you may be helplessly drifting into a nervous breakdown!

And—equally as bad—*how your nerves have tricked you* into the following physical symptoms:

chronic fatigue, that starts in the morning, and grows worse as the day goes on...

"missed" heartbeats—"racing" heart—palpitations—or sudden sharp pains under the heart...

sweating hands—or "pins and needles" in either your hands or your legs...

"churning" stomach... nausea... choking feeling in the throat... inability to take a deep breath... tight band of pain around the head..."ready to jump out of your skin"... strange tricks of vision ...weak spells... insomnia, that goes on night after night after night...

hand shaking... panic spasms... knots in your chest... dizziness... difficulty in swallowing... vomiting... *and all the other physical tortures that turn your life into one continuous hell!*

And Every One Of These Nervous Symptoms Can Be Controlled... And Then Diminished ...And Then Eliminated—OFTEN BY AS LITTLE AS THIS ONE SINGLE INSIGHT INTO THEIR HIDDEN CAUSE!

And that insight is this:

If you suffer from any of the nervous symptoms listed above, then you must understand at once that your nerves are not ill... they have not deteriorated... *they have not lost their true physical health in any way!* What has happened to them instead is that they have simply become OVER-SENSITIZED..."rubbed raw" by too much outside irritation ...*and are now ready to discharge the emotional and physical symptoms of panic at even the slightest thing that goes wrong!*

Thus, the depression... indecision... loss of confidence and all the other emotional symptoms you feel are all caused by OVER-SENSITIZED nerves! And the churning stomach... palpitating heart... never-ending headaches and all the other physical nervous-symptoms you feel are—again—all caused by OVER-SENSITIZED nerves!

And therefore the way to treat ALL these symptoms is NOT with drugs... NOT with shock... NOT with medical formulations or hospitalizations at all! *The way to treat these nerves is to change the poisonous-thoughts that are rubbing them raw!*

And this is done (as proven by this internationally-famed physician on thousands of patients) in four simple steps! The first of which *stops nervous symptoms (both physical and emotional) from multiplying from that moment on!* The second of which *serves to tranquillize and quiet down those over-sensitized nerves far more powerfully (and permanently) than any drug a pharmacist could ever give you!*

The third of which lets you stop fighting those symptoms (which only intensifies them in an ever-increasing spiral of sheer torment), and—instead—*leave them alone in an ingenious way that lets them start healing themselves!*

And the fourth of which—the great reward—*brings you slowly-but-surely back to the person you used to be! With a new, enduring feeling of control and confidence that nothing can destroy!* So much so that this doctor actually comes right out and states bluntly: *"The advice given here will definitely cure you, if you only follow it"!*

In Fact, Case History After Case History Proves That Cure May Be So Dramatically Quick That Your Friends And Family Will Beg You To Tell Them Your Secret!

Once again, it doesn't matter what physical or emotional symptoms you are now suffering from... how "deeply entrenched" they are... how long you have been plagued by them... how "old" or "weak" or "out-of-control" you may feel today! *Here is specific, step-by-immediate-step advice that will* (again to quote directly from the doctor) *"banish every unwelcome sensation and regain peace of mind and body"!*

For example:

The two-minute self-treatment (you perform one ingenious little action with your chest) *that ends sudden panic seizures on the spot*—including all their side effects such as dizziness, pins and needles, involuntary stiffening of the joints, inability to breathe, and all the rest.

That "lump in the throat that won't go away"—*how to banish it in minutes... and enjoy eating any food you wish to once again!*

Physical weakness—perhaps the most dreaded of all symptoms—and (surprisingly) perhaps *the fastest of all to banish!*

How to deal with the twin monsters of fatigue and guilt! And leave behind emotional exhaustion... morning depression... thoughts that once raced around and around in your mind without cessation! (And leave them all behind—*for good!*)

Why so many patients who tried these simple techniques *actually came out of their nervous sicknesses as far finer and stronger people than they ever were before!*

How to recover from chronic tension caused by an insoluable problem! The only sane way to overcome it! How to avoid unnecessary suffering, for both yourself and others! And, perhaps, *actually turn your worst defeat into crowning success!*

The surest and most permanent way to cure obsessions!

How to tap the forces of Nature, every morning, *that are just waiting to cure you!*

How to bring happiness back into your everyday life! Not by waiting for some great event or reward... *but simply by developing the eyes to see joy in the little things all around you!*

How to beat insomnia! Again, specific, proven step-by-step instructions! Ten different aids that may have you waking up tomorrow morning as fresh as a baby, with *eight* full hours of blissful sleep replenishing every cell in your body!

And—the final goal: How to develop the kind of nervous control that automatically turns panic off the instant it starts! That frees you forever from "nerve-crutches" such as drugs or alcohol! That lets you pick up your life again from the point where over-sensitized nerves forced you to abandon it, with absolute confidence that you now have the poise and self-possession to accomplish the goals you have always wanted!

WHAT OTHERS SAY:

"...helped me so much and released me from the particular hell I have been living in since my breakdown six years ago."

"I think of Dr. Weekes with admiration and deep gratitude, as I am sure thousands of other people are doing."

"Looking back now I am amazed at the progress I have made in such a comparatively short time."

"It would be no exaggeration to add that your book saved my life."

"The method you give for cure of nervous conditions is so effective—and so simple—I cannot think why, out of all the professional people I have seen and all the books I have read in an effort to find a cure, nothing remotely like your system has been suggested to me.

"The great reassurance you give about the distressing physical symptoms of a disturbed nervous system is one of the greatest benefits to be derived from your book."

"You cannot possibly imagine what a relief it is to be able to view life normally again, instead of fear-panic all the while."

"I cannot describe the emotion I felt to find, at last, someone who really understood the problem, and to hear her say the condition can be cured.... If only this understanding person had the time to take all sufferers under her wing."

"I would like you to know that my nervous condition has so greatly improved through the advice gleaned from your most precious and invaluable book... that all symptoms have now disappeared and I rarely need Librium or sleeping capsules."

"My physician is amazed at my progress and of course I showed him your book which he borrowed and read thoroughly and is now recommending to other patients in like circumstances."

"My wife has made a vast improvement since using your book and now feels for the first time like getting away from the hospital altogether. I'm sure if she had had your treatment in earlier years she would never have had to go into the hospital at all."

WHAT THE PUBLISHER SAYS:

HOPE AND HELP FOR YOUR NERVES *has sold over 250,000 copies and has been endorsed by medical and mental-health associations throughout the world. Millions of Americans have heard Dr. Weekes on television and radio shows and have read excerpts from the book which recently appeared in* Reader's Digest. *If you are one of the many whose nerves are on edge and who sometimes feel panic and don't know why, this remarkable book was written for you. The reader discovers the simple treatment the author recommends for the dreaded and mystifying experiences known as "nerves"—indecision, suggestibility, feelings of panic, sleeplessness, loss of confidence, unreality, depression, and countless other recognized feelings of ill health.*

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

DR. CLAIRE WEEKES became interested in the problems of nervous illness when she observed in her medical practice that those who suffered most suffered "nervously." Dr. Weekes is Consulting Physician to the Rachel Forster Hospital in Sydney, Australia. She has written articles for popular magazines in England and has appeared widely on English television.

Dr. Weekes has appeared with Mike Douglas, Arlene Francis, Barry Farber and many other U.S. radio and TV shows.

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COWBOY BURL

(continued from page 50)

disease and maybe even the dreaded hoof-and-mouth.

Hardware disease is a form of septicemia received through a cut by rusty iron or barbed wire, from a truck or railroad shipping car and is usually fatal. It is not lockjaw, which is, surprisingly, seldom found any more. Lump jaw has also just about disappeared. There is both a "shot" and a pellet for the scours, which usually occurs in calves. Blackleg shots are given calves once, and then, like the older animals, a booster shot is given in the fall when brought in off the range.

In the old rough days of raising cattle, infected or crippled ones were always killed. This doesn't have to be any more, although sometimes disposal is made as an act of mercy. Now if there is only one cancerous eye in a valuable breeding cow it can be removed. The animal continues to produce healthy calves the rest of is life.

The Lazy AC once owned a $2,500 Charolais cow (with a newborn calf) that broke a foreleg. A veterinarian removed the leg at the knee and saved the cow for the time being (later destroyed). Cowboy Burl was present at this operation. It may be that his decision to major in animal husbandry came then.

The valuable calf was too young to wean. Saving the cow even temporarily saved the calf.

The Lazy AC produces fine Charolais bulls of tested performance that are auctioned off to buyers in great Falls twice a year. A good many are also sold at the ranch. Cattlemen come from all over the United States and Canada to buy.

Cowboy Burl always managed to get there from Shattuck School and now from Montana State University to participate in these sales. A working knowledge of how to sell finely bred cattle for the best money is a definite requirement of the business.

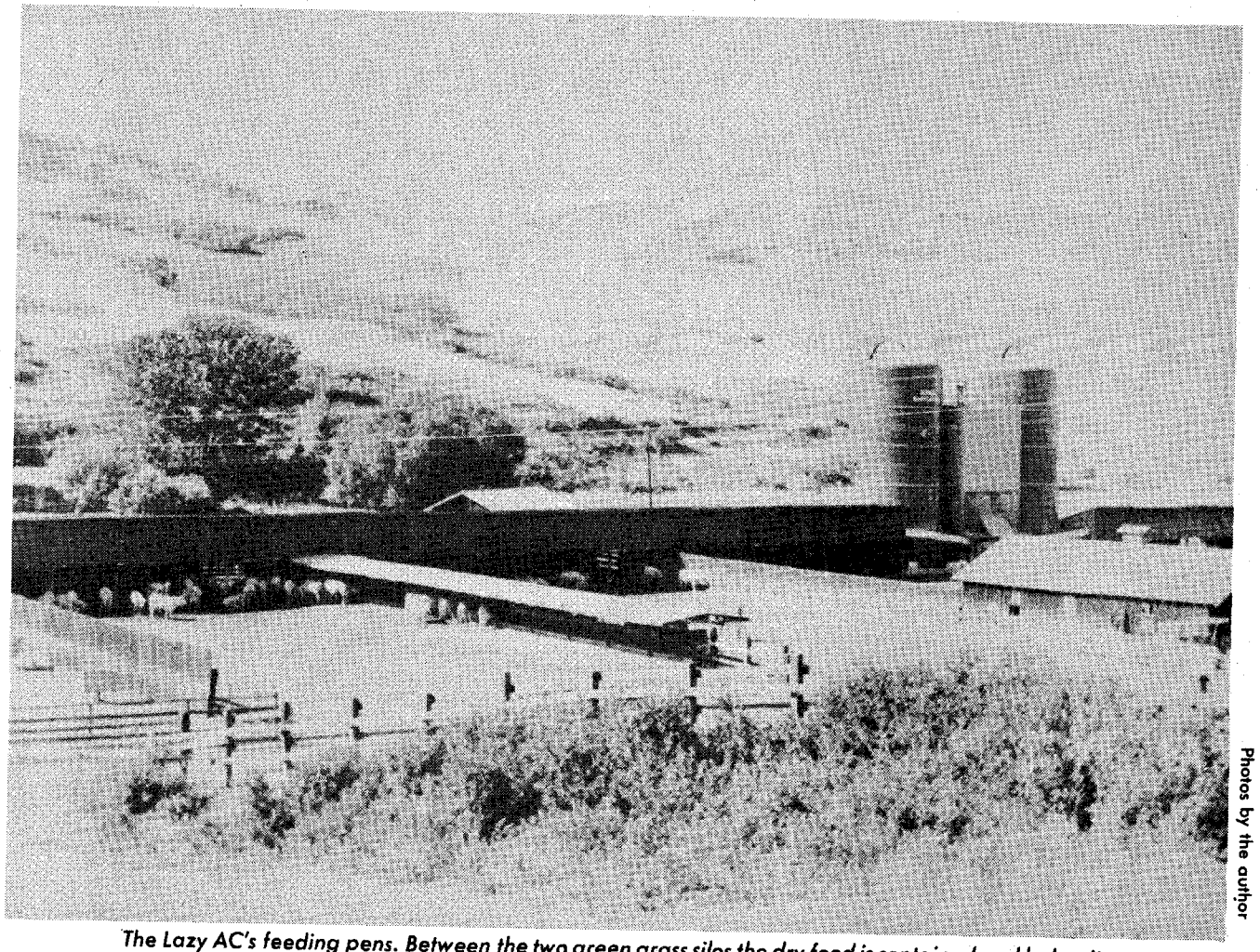
Life on a Montana ranch is still fraught with unexpected danger. One year, all the creeks originating in the watersheds of the Lewis and Clark range sent floods raging into the lowlands. Cowboy Burl and his family had to suddenly evacuate the headquarters ranch.

The several corrals and most of the sheds were washed away and had to be rebuilt.

Although not a bronc buster, Cowboy Burl can do a pretty good job with the rough string, which is about all the horse raisers sell anyway. Six feet tall, heavily built and weighing 220 pounds, he is strong enough to subdue anything having four feet and covered with hair, as the old cowboys used to say.

No longer a "kid cowboy", raising cattle is the sum and substance of his knowledge, which he is improving with college studies. ●RW

(Note: Cowboy Burl Cobb is my grandson)



Photos by the author

The Lazy AC's feeding pens. Between the two green grass silos the dry feed is contained and below it, the automatic weighing and mixing machinery that then distributes it on conveyors to the several, covered feeding troughs.

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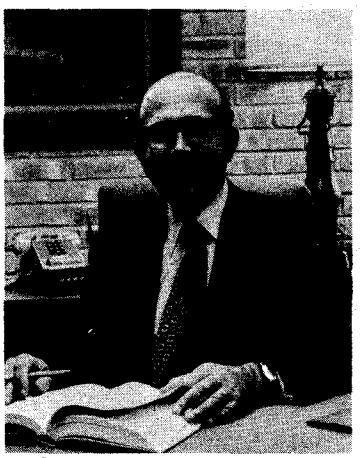

Don Bolander, M.A., University of Chicago; B.S., Northwestern University, Director of Career Institute; authority on adult education.

Shamed by your English?

You can soon speak and write like a college graduate if you let me help you for 15 minutes a day.

LET'S BE FRANK

If you've ever been shamed by a mistake in English, maybe I can save you from years of disappointment.

You see, none of us will ever go any farther than our ability to speak and write will let us go.

I have met countless numbers of intelligent men and women who are being held back in their jobs and social lives—often without knowing it—because they couldn't express themselves fully and easily.

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Could *you* get ahead faster with a command of good English? Just ask yourself these questions:

Even with all your ability and ambition, how long has it been since you had a promotion?

Even with all you have to offer, when people get together at work or at parties, are you the one they listen to?

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If people are not impressed by the way you speak and write—and, if you're honest enough with yourself to admit it—you have already taken the first big step to success.

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You can master good English *without going back to school.* Over the years I have helped thousands of men and women to stop making embarrassing mistakes in English, increase their vocabularies, and become interesting conversationalists—*right in their own homes.*

Here's What to Do

I can help you, too, if you will give 15 minutes a day to the Career Institute Method of mastering good English. My answers to the following questions will show you how quickly and easily you can stop being ashamed of your English, and *do* something about getting ahead.

Question *What is so important about my ability to speak and write?*

Answer People judge you by the way you speak and write. Good English is absolutely necessary for making a good impression and getting ahead in business and social life. You can't express your ideas fully or reveal your true personality without a sure command of good English.

Question *What does a "command of good English" mean?*

Answer It means you can express yourself clearly and easily without fear of embarrassment or making mistakes. It means you can write well, carry on a good conversation—also read rapidly and remember what you read.

Question *Are there other advantages to be gained by acquiring a command of good English?*

Answer Yes! Words are actually "tools of thought." The more you learn about words and how to use them to form and express your ideas, the better your *thinking* becomes. For this reason a command of good English often pays off in unexpected ways.

Question *Wouldn't I have to go back to school for a command of good English?*

Answer No, not any more. You can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate right in your own home—in only a few minutes each day.

Question *Is this something new?*

Answer Career Institute of Chicago has been helping people for many years. The unique Career Institute Method quickly shows you how to stop making embarrassing mistakes, gain a colorful vocabulary, write clearly and well, and discover the "secrets" of interesting conversation.

Question *How do I know it works?*

Answer There are thousands of letters in my files, testimonials from people in all walks of life who have used the proved Career Institute Method to achieve amazing results. If you send in the coupon below, I will share some of these letters with you.

Question *How long will it take me to learn to speak and write like a college graduate, using your method?*

Answer In some cases people take only a few weeks to gain a command of good English. Others take longer. It is up to you to set your own pace. In as little time as 15 minutes a day, you will see quick results.

Question *How can I find out more about the Career Institute Method?*

Answer I will gladly mail you a free 32-page booklet which explains the new easy-to-follow Career Institute Method and tells how you can master good English quickly and enjoyably at home. Send coupon, card or letter today to Career Institute, Dept. 84009, 555 E. Lange St., Mundelein, Illinois 60060. No salesman will call.

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By Louise Cheney

WHEN SATANA

The Kiowa war chief, Satana, was one of the leaders of the war party which massacred the Warren Wagon train teamsters near Jacksboro, Texas. He was sentenced to life imprisonment but he escaped four years later ... in the only way he could!

Courtesy Laura Peacock

Satana, The Indian whose body was brought home to Oklahoma.

On June 30, 1963 the bones of Satana, the great Kiowa war chieftain of the last century were brought home from Texas to Oklahoma and buried in the Fort Sill cemetery. Only a few spectators were on hand to see the mighty chief of the Kiowas reinterred.

Satana's grandson, James Auchiah of Carnegie, Oklahoma was present at the simple ceremony. It was he who had obtained permission from the Texas Legislature to bring back the remains of his grandfather. With Gillett Griswold, Director of the Fort Sill museum, he went to Huntsville, Texas to the state prison cemetery there and made the arrangements to move the bones of Satana to the grounds of his ancestors in Oklahoma.

Before the grave of his grandfather was opened in Huntsville, James Auchiah, according to Indian custom, built a fire above his grandfather's grave. The purpose of this fire, according to Indian belief, was to assure his people that Satana's spirit would follow his bones back to Oklahoma. With the remains of the chief Auchiah and Griswold brought back the cement marker that had marked Satana's resting place in Huntsville. Auchiah donated this marker to the Fort Sill Museum.

On June 30, 1963 Satana's bones were buried beside Satank, another Kiowa warrior and friend, and near the graves of the famous Comanche war chief, Quanah Parker, and his white mother, Cynthia Ann Parker.

Satana took part in the Warren Wagon Train Massacre near Jacksboro, Texas in 1871. Along with Satank and Big Tree and a band of young warriors he slipped away from the Indian Reservation in Oklahoma and rode down to Texas. Near Jacksboro on the military road from Fort Griffin, the Indians waited for a likely looking white party to attack. They found it when the Warren and DuBose, government contractors, came into sight. Screaming their dread Indian war cries, the red men swooped down upon the train. The surprised teamsters hastily corralled their wagons and prepared to fight, but they hadn't the ghost of a chance against the howling warriors. All were killed, save one man who, though seriously wounded, made his way to Fort Richardson at Jacksboro where General Sherman was on an inspection tour.

General Sherman, upon hearing of the outrage, immediately dispatched General Randal Mackenzie, in charge of the 4th Cavalry, to investigate the affair and to pursue the Indians responsible for the massacre or drive them to Fort Sill. Mackenzie found the remains of the wagon train. It had been plundered and burned. He found that all of the teamsters had been shot. Gashes covered them. Some of the skulls of the victims had been crushed and some of the bodies had arrows in them. One body was found to be lashed with a chain to a wagon pole with his tongue cut out. Another charred body was found chained to a wagon wheel.

For the best and most comprehensive work on the Warren Wagon Train Massacre, the ensuing capture of the guilty Indians, their trial and conviction, this writer recommends *Fort Richardson, Texas,* compiled and published by W. W. Bill Dennis of Jacksboro, Texas. A very fine book by a very fine writer.

Courtesy Laura Peacock

Big Tree participated in the Wagon Train Massacre in Texas along with Satana.

Mackenzie and his 4th cavalry pursued the Indians to Oklahoma. Due to heavy floods it took the general and his cavalry fifteen days to arrive at Fort Sill, Oklahoma. Once there, Mackenzie acquainted Lawrie Tatum, the Indian Agent, of the atrocity. Tatum called the chiefs together and asked them pointblank if they had committed the crime. Satana readily admitted his part; in fact, he even boasted that he had led the raid on the wagon train. Big Tree and Satank, two other Kiowa chiefs, also admitted that they had participated in the raid.

General Sherman came to Fort Sill immediately upon being advised by Tatum that the guilty chiefs had confessed. There with Colonel Grierson, Commander of Fort Sill, he called a council with the Indians implicated in the massacre. The gates to Fort Sill were closed after the arrival of the red men, and troopers stood ready to quell any trouble that might arise. In the front room of Grierson's home where the parley took place soldiers were hidden, ready for action should the Indians become hostile.

The Kiowa chiefs seated themselves upon the porch of Grierson's home, and there General Sherman began to question them through an interpreter. He asked which of them had staged

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CAME HOME

the Warren Wagon Train Massacre. Satana, acting as spokesman for the group, took the lead and not only admitted but boasted that he had spearheaded the attack on the teamsters.

General Sherman then sternly told the Indians that he was sending Satana, Big Tree and Satank back to Texas to stand trial for their crime in the white man's court. Satana became furious, cast aside his blanket and drew a gun. Before he could fire the weapon, the soldiers converged on the spot with their guns aimed at Satana. Satana calmed down in a hurry and begged the troopers not to shoot. Then the three chiefs, Satana, Big Tree and Satank, were taken into custody and locked in a cell at Fort Sill.

Sherman left Fort Sill after giving orders to Mackenzie to take the prisoners to Jacksboro, Texas to be tried. Mackenzie, with his members of the 4th Cavalry, left Fort Sill with the prisoners in handcuffs on June 8. Satana and Big Tree were lifted into a grain wagon, but Satank refused to move. He was then forcibly lifted into another grain wagon. As soon as the journey was started, Satank began to chant the Kiowa death song. As the wagons moved on, he continued to sing the death song and cried out that he would be dead before he reached a pecan tree just beyond the Fort Sill railway station.

Suddenly Satank's hands came out from beneath his blanket, free of the handcuffs! He had gnawed the flesh from his wrists and pulled free of his manacles. He tried to snatch a carbine from one of his guards. A Lieutenant Thurston, who had charge of the detail guarding the prisoners, gave the order to fire, and when they obeyed, Satank fell backward. But he quickly rose to his feet and grabbed a carbine from a guard. Thurston fired his pistol at the chief, and several soldiers fired at Satank. That time Satank fell and did not arise as he was mortally wounded. Mackenzie arrived soon after the incident. He ordered his men to leave Satank beside the road and proceed to Jacksboro. Satank had preferred death to being jailed in the white man's prison and tried by the white man's court. He lies buried in the Fort Sill cemetery.

On reaching Jacksboro, seat of Jack County, the two chiefs were locked in the Fort Richardson hospital morgue. They were tried in the Jack County Court. The jury brought in a verdict of guilty of first-degree murder, and they were sentenced to die for their crime. They were imprisoned in the Huntsville, Texas State Prison to await execution of their sentences.

E. J. Davis was governor of Texas at the time. He was besieged by both whites and Indians to release the chiefs. Pleas came from six different Indian tribes for clemency for the two Kiowa chieftains. Finally the governor released Satana and Big Tree on the agreement that the Indians would stop their raiding and scalping in Texas. The chiefs went back to Oklahoma in 1863. Sherman was furious and looked upon the release of Satana and Big Tree as a personal insult.

The year after the release of the Indian prisoners, sixty persons were murdered by red men in Texas. Whether Satana was guilty in any of these cases or not, he was re-arrested and taken back to Huntsville. Big Tree was not suspected, as he had reformed upon his release and worked for peace. In the latter years of his life he became a Christian and taught Sunday School.

It was 1874 when Satana was taken back to prison. He was miserable, and in 1878 he committed suicide by jumping from a second-story window at the prison. He was buried in the prison cemetery and there he remained until 1963 when removed by his grandson.

Funeral services were held at Fort Sill for Satana on September 21, 1963. Graveside ceremonies were held for the chief. Ceremonial dances were staged by the Kiowa Gourd Clan of Carnegie, Oklahoma and the Black Leggings Society under the direction of the Kiowa Indian Dancers from Indian City, Anadarko, Oklahoma. A barbecue was given to the Indians and the spectators by the Army and post commander, Major L. S. Griffing. Many of Satana's descendants were present at the ceremonies.

And so after almost a century, the Indian Chieftain of the Kiowas, Satana, came home to rest forever in his land and the land of his ancestors.

●RW

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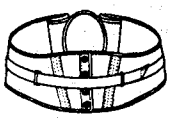

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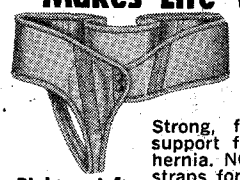

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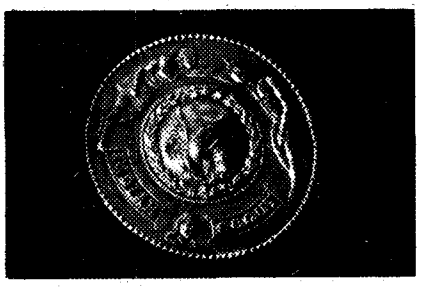

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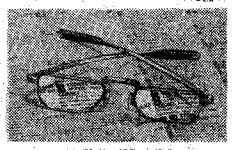

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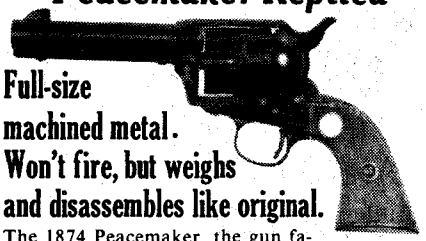

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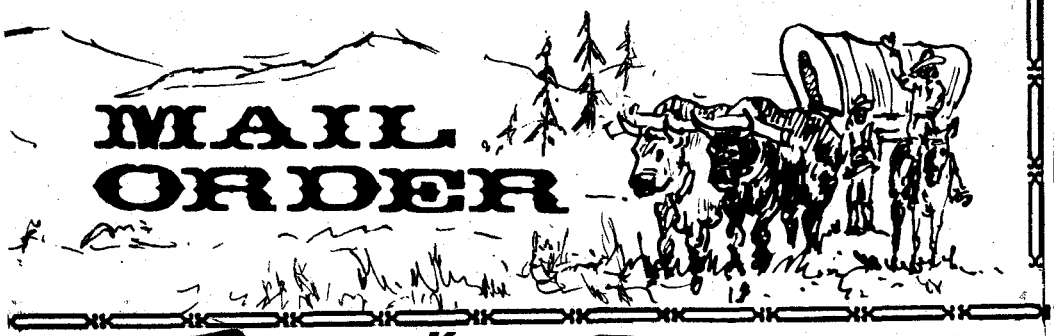

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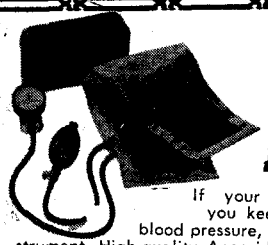

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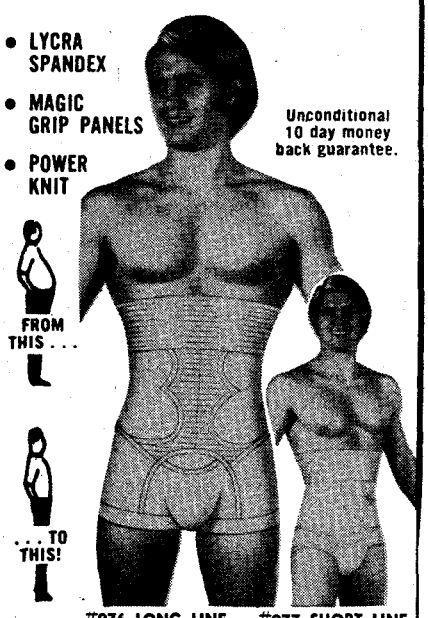

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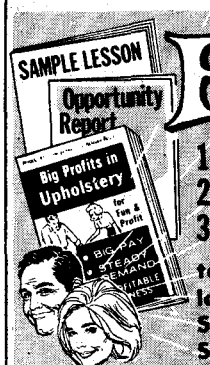

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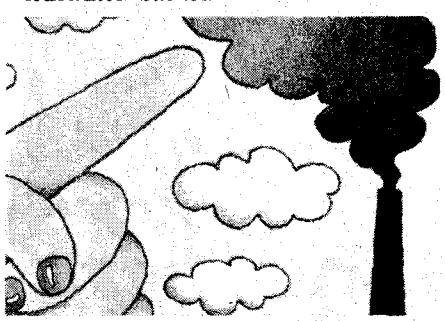

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RANDSBURG'S QUICK-ACTION HERO

By Clarence M. Fink

There was nothing slow about the Benson brothers of the mining town of Randsburg in the mid-1890's. They were hard workers, well liked by all, and went out of their way to help people. Like most miners they liked kids, and they thought it deplorable that the town youngsters couldn't go fishing or swimming when they wanted to, there being no rivers handy and water was scarce and valuable. Even rabbit hunting in this sparse area afforded these juveniles little, real recreation.

Actually there wasn't much a boy could really do in Randsburg except hunt themselves trouble or mischief. Hank and Ben, ten year olds and sons of prominent citizens, decided to investigate one of Randsburg's powder magazines belonging to a large mercantile company which had been recently restocked with dynamite, caps, and fuses. Idleness and a desire to do something exciting drove the lads to fiddle and pry the magazine's lock off. The storehouse was built in a tunnel on the slope of the hill. The back end was roofed with heavy planks covered with dirt and rocks, with the front entrance enclosed with secured gates.

The young boys, with a bit of Tom Sawyer and Peck's Bad Boy's misguided enthusiasm in their souls, grabbed a thirty-foot fuse, attached it to a set group of dynamite sticks prepared for future blasting, lit the explosive, and raced out of the powder area with wings on their feet.

Almost immediately after lighting the charge, the town's lads regretted their rash act. As Shakespeare would have put it: "Their consciences had a thousand tongues," and their babbling created instant fear of the consequences. In their excited panic, young Hank and Ben paused long enough to shout to Mel Benson, who was nearby, what they had done. Without hesitation Benson hastened to them and swept by, accelerating his speed toward the loaded powder house, gambling his life that he would get there in time.

The juvenile duo gazed at Benson in utter amazement and cringed inwardly when they saw him whip open the storehouse door and speed inside. The two youngsters, with their hearts in their mouths, watched with a fascinated gaze, and finally with gratified relief, as they saw the courageous miner emerge carrying a fourteen-inch length of unburned fuse. They had suffered horrible visions of parts of Randsburg being blown sky-high, and their friend, Benson, along with it.

Now that the danger was past, Benson shook with nervous reaction from his close call. A month previously, an acquaintance of his had become lonely and depressed and had taken his life by exploding an extra charge of dynamite in his working hole.

Word got around quickly what Ben and his buddy Hank had attempted, and when their fathers learned about the incident, they immediately made examples of what boys should never attempt. Ben was taken and whipped publicly on the Post Office porch. Hank then suffered the sure but same fate in front of his schoolmates. Both boys came to the quick conclusion that a mistake sometimes kicks up an awful fuss before it curls up and dies. ● RW

REFERENCE SOURCE: *Mining in the Deserts*, by James Duke, New York, 1951.

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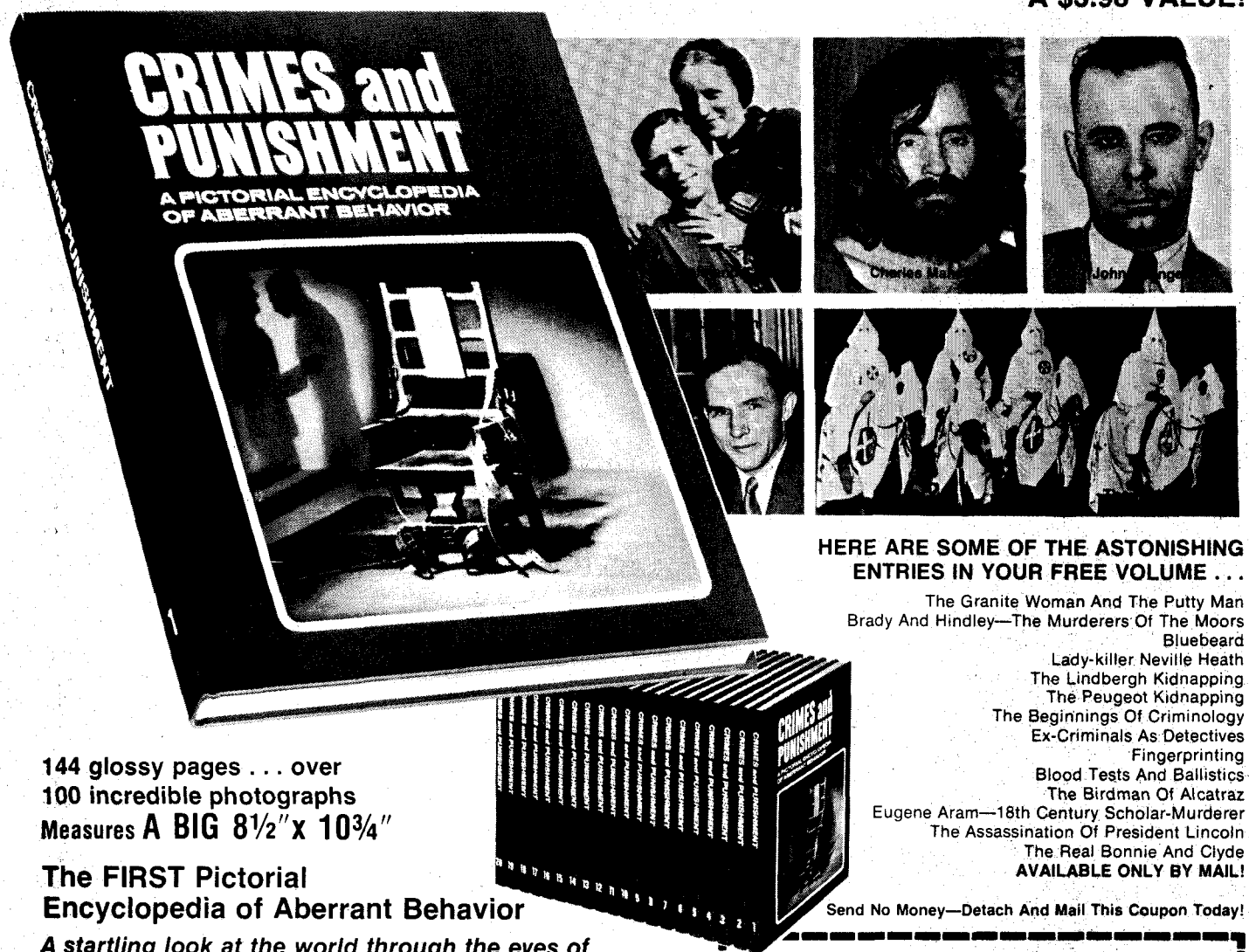

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THE AMERICAN INDIAN

(continued from page 35)

portant events.

Peyote belongs to the cactus family but is unique in that it does not have spines like other cactus. It ranges from carrot-like to turnip-like in size and shape. It grows mostly below ground, but it is the rounded top surface which appears just above ground that is cut off and dried which becomes the peyote 'button,' which is eaten. The plant is said to have nine alkaloids which fall into two classes: morphine-like which are sedatives, and strychnine-like which are stimulants.

The effect of peyote on an individual cannot be isolated, but there are usually two stages: the first stage is generally one of physical or mental exhilaration. In many cases sleep becomes impossible for ten to twelve hours, and there is no desire to sleep. The pupils of the eyes become dilated and saliva increases. Hunger is no longer a factor, nor is thirst. The peyote also gives courage in war and endurance in dancing and sports. This was often eaten before going to war or on a long hunt. The second stage, however, is one of depression and hallucinations. The individual may feel fear or hostility to the point he can become dangerous, or he might experience euphoria and partial anesthesia. Along with the hallucination, color visions appear, the auditory sensation is also affected, smell and taste are less affected. Peyote is not habit-forming and therefore is not classified as a true narcotic.

Peyote could be taken in two ways: eaten or made into a drink. Most of the tribes north of the Rio Grande ate the peyote button. This was usually done with great ceremony and for special reasons; not only did it allay hunger and thirst, but it could also be taken to find lost or stolen articles, to find out secrets, detect the approach of an enemy, or predict the outcome of an important battle. The peyote eater could also predict the weather; and so great was its power that even to wear it on the body would ward off disease and danger. Under its influence, shamans performed all kinds of magical tricks and used it to cure fainting spells, headaches, tooth aches, hiccoughs, skin disease, bruises, wounds and snake bites. The powdered form, put on a cut or wound, would heal it and check hemorrhage. The peyote was often regarded as almost a fetish.

Among the Plains tribes there were ceremonial trips to obtain peyote. The Peyote cult meetings were usually held at night with fires, incense and singing. On the Plains the ceremony was restricted to membership, and only the men were allowed to take part in it. In the beginning it revolved around success in warfare, and the meetings were held year round. They were held in a tipi, and during the ceremony a hide-covered kettle drum, partially filled with water, was beat and a gourd rattle and eagle bone whistle was also used.

Use of peyote is ancient in Mexico, and in the eighteenth century there were references to the Texas Indians drinking peyote in connection with some of their dances; but the first real evidence of the Indians of the United States taking peyote is from the Mescalero and Lipan Apache. In 1770 they attended a peyote meeting at the Coahuila mission in Northeast Mexico. It was between 1850 and 1900 that peyote was acquired by the southern Plains tribes, and by the twentieth century it had spread to California and into Canada. Many of the tribes did not receive peyote until they were placed on the reservation in Okhaloma, where it was being used. The tribes of the Eastern culture found out about peyote only after being settled on the reservation. The Cree of Canada and the Indians of Nevada did not learn of it until 1929 and 1936. There are a few peyote meetings still being held, the organized peyote religion being called the Native American Church.

Jimsonweed was used in the Great Basin area where the tribes did not seem to use peyote. Jimsonweed is from the genus, Datura, and is also known as Jamestown weed. This name was derived from a troop of soldiers who were stationed at Jamestown around 1676. They cooked and ate the leaves of the plant, not knowing of its narcotic effect. There is no proof that this plant was even drunk or eaten by the Indians in the Eastern areas. The jimsonweed or datura was used in the California area; the leaves, stems, and at times the roots of the plant were pounded and soaked in water to make a concoction which was swallowed.

This produced dreams and visions and was believed to enable one to foretell the future or make supernatural beings visible. Clairvoyance was believed to be a result, and one could see things hidden from ordinary view, or speak of events happening at a distance or even in the future. A spirit helper was facilitated by drinking datura. Among the Indians of California this drug was taken at the age of puberty, or a little later by young people, but under the supervision of the elders of the tribe.

In some localities only the men were allowed to drink this, while others both men and women could take part in the ceremonies. Some of the California tribes used the drug as an anesthetic for setting broken bones or treating sickness. Some of the Medicine Men took the drug to enable them to see sickness in a person. It, too, could be used for luck in hunting or warfare, to improve the food supply, to talk with the spirits of the dead, or to detect witchcraft.

In the Desert areas this was used to alleviate dizziness or vomiting, to induce the drinker to make prophecies, to insure a good hunt, and for the pleasure derived from the dreams and visions which often accompanied the drinking of the drug. The Zuni believed datura to be one of the medicines derived from the gods. Its use was therefore limited to the rain priests and certain other members of the tribe. When gathering the plant, it was always spoken to in a gentle manner. The rain priests offered the powdered root to certain rain birds to insure rain, and only a man of pure heart could drink the drug and see ghosts. If a person drank the drug, they could then see who had robbed them and know the thief. It was also used in this area as an anesthetic to set bones and perform other surgery.

The Mescal bean grows in the United States, from western Texas to southern New Mexico. It is a member of the bean family and contains a highly toxic alkaloid called sophorine which resembles nicotine in physiological action. The taking of this drug produces nausea, convulsions and at times death by asphyxiation.

Black tea was made from the leaves of the Ilex Cassine tree. This was found in the southeast, and when drunk, it induced immediate vomiting. It was used mostly in purification ceremonies before a man went to war or on a hunt. The meetings were always important council meetings, and the drink was used only in connection with the most sacred of ceremonies. It was used among the Creeks in their annual harvest ceremony of Busk. The tree was also found growing wild from the Carolinas to the Rio Grande, where it was used to lesser extent.

To many of the Indian tribes, the use of any kind of stimulant, unless during a sacred ceremony, was unheard of and hardly ever done. In later years tobacco was more widely used and smoked by both the men and older women of the tribes. ●**RW**

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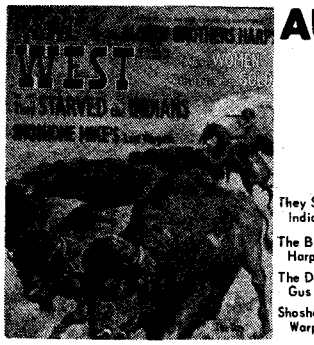

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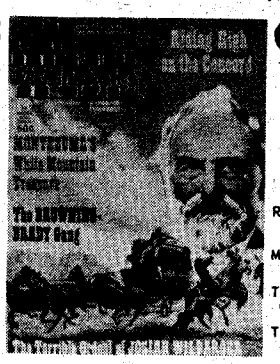

OCT.73

- Riding High on the Concord
- Montezuma's White Mountain Treasure
- The Browning Brady Gang
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NOV.73

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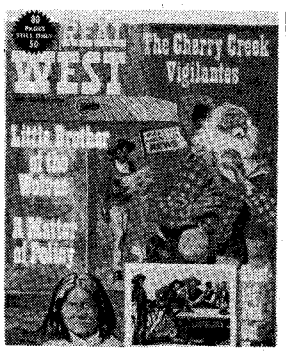

DEC.73

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- Little Brother of the Wolves
- A Matter of Policy
- Shooting Pool out West

JAN.74

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- Who Was Calamity Jane
- Clay Allison Laughing Killer
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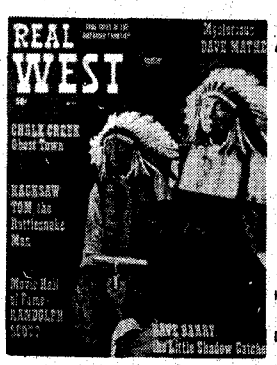

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Yes, a staggering miracle has happened; A brilliant psychic researcher has discovered a secret—so powerful that it is said to bring your desires to you, from the invisible world, like a blazing streak of lightning!

Yes, how would you like to be able to sit in your living room, give the command for love, and instantly have your loved one appear at your side? Or give the command for money, and suddenly find a big, thick roll of dollars in your hand?•

Now, a daring new book called TELECULT POWER lays bare this magic secret, and shows how it can bring fortune, love, and happiness. And Reese P. Dubin – the man who discovered it – makes this shocking claim . . .

"Great Wealth And Power Can Be Yours!"

Admittedly, the concept this book proposes is completely opposed and contrary to normal human knowledge and experience. "But at this very moment," says Mr. Dubin, "I have startling proof that I want you to see with your own eyes! I want to show you . . .

- "How diamonds and jewels have appeared, seemingly out of nothingness, shortly after the use of this strange secret!"
- "How a man used this method for a pocketful of money!"
- "How a woman used it to fill an empty purse!"
- "How a farmer received a pot full of gold!"
- "How another user Teleported a gold jewel box to her, seemingly out of thin air!"
- "How a woman used this method to regain her lost youth!"
- "How a man, growing bald, claims he renewed the growth of his hair with this secret!"
- "How a woman used it to bring her mate to her, without asking!"
- "How another woman summoned a man to her –out of thin air!"
- "How a man heard the unspoken thoughts of others, with this secret!"
- "How a woman saw behind walls and over great distances, with it!"
- "How a man broadcast silent commands that others had to obey!"

Let us now clearly demonstrate to you the scientific basis behind the new wonderworking, Miracle of TELECULT POWER!

"How Telecult Power Brings Any Desire Easily And Automatically!"

For many years, Reese P. Dubin dreamed of a way to call upon the invisible forces at work all around us. He spent a lifetime digging and searching for the secret. These investigations brought him knowledge that goes back to the dim recesses of the past.

One day, to his astonishment, he discovered that he could actually broadcast silent commands, which others instantly obeyed. Using the secret he tel's you about in this book, he tried it time after time – commanding others to sleep, get up and come to him, talk or not talk – and act according to his silent wishes. It worked every time!

Working relentlessly from this evidence, Reese P. Dubin succeeded in perfecting a new kind of instrument – called a Tele-Photo Transmitter – that concentrates your thoughts, and sends them like a streaking bullet to their destination!

OTHERS OBEY SILENT COMMANDS! Writing of the success of this method, one user reports the following experience:

"I willed her to pick up and eat a biscuit from a plate in a corner of the room. She did so. I willed her to shake hands with her mother. She rushed to her mother and stroked her hands . . .

"I willed her to nod. She stood still and bent her head, I willed her to clap her hands, play a note on the piano, write her name, all of which she did."

"No one can escape the power of this method," says Mr. Dubin. "Everybody – high or low, ignorant or wise – all are subject to its spell! And unless the person is told what's being done, he will think the thoughts are his own!"

HEARS THE THOUGHTS OF OTHERS! Experimenting further with the Tele-Photo Transmitter, Reese P. Dubin soon found that he could "tune in" and HEAR the unspoken thoughts of others. He says, "At first, these hearing impressions startled me, and I took them for actual speech, until I realized that people don't usually say such things aloud! And their lips remained closed."

SEES BEYOND WALLS, AND OVER GREAT DISTANCES! Then he discovered he could pick up actual sights, from behind walls and over great distances! And when he "tuned in" he could see actual living scenes before him—as clear as the picture on a television screen!

MAKES WOMAN APPEAR – SEEMINGLY OUT OF THIN AIR! With mounting excitement, Reese P. Dubin launched one of the most exciting experiments in the history of psychic research. He wanted to see if the Tele-Photo Transmitter could bring him an actual material object! He chose, for this experiment, the seemingly impossible: an actual living person!

He simply focused the Tele-Photo Transmitter, by dialing the object of his desire. In a flash the door burst open, and there – standing before him, as real as life – was his long-lost cousin!

He stared and rubbed his eyes, and looked again! There – smiling, with arms outstretched in greeting– stood living proof of the most astounding discovery of the Century!

Dial Any Treasure!

You'll see how to use the Tele-Photo Transmitter, to summon your desires. This special instrument – your mental equipment – requires no wires, and no electricity. "Yet," says Mr. Dubin, "it can teleport desires, swiftly from the invisible world."

When you dial your desire—whether for riches, love, or secret knowledge—you capture its invisible, photoplasmic form, at which point "it starts to materialize!" says Dr. Dubin.

"Telecult Power can work seeming miracles in your life," says Mr. Dubin. "With it, it is possible to dial any desire – called a Photo-Form – then sit back, relax, and watch this powerful secret go to work!"

"Instantly Your Life Is Changed!"

With this secret, the mightiest force in the Universe is at your command! "Simply ask for anything you want," says Mr. Dubin, "whether it be riches, love, fine possessions, power, friends, or secret knowledge!"

Suppose you had dialed Photo-Form #2 for Jewels, for example. That's what Margaret C. did, in an actual example Mr. Dubin tells you about. Rich, glittering diamonds and jewels literally appeared at her feet: a pair of gold earrings, which she found that morning . . . a surprise gift of a pearl necklace, and matching silver bracelets . . . a beautiful platinum ring set with emeralds and diamonds, dropped on her front lawn!

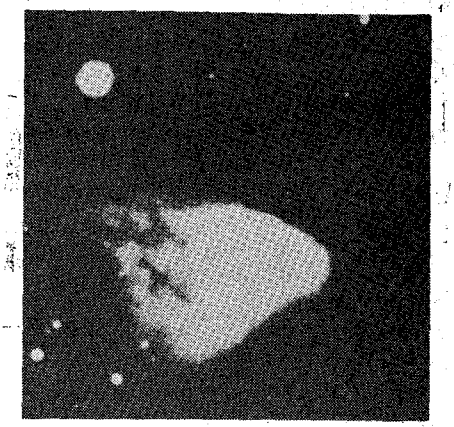
"Almost overnight," says Mr. Dubin, "it can start to multiply riches, bring romance and love . . . draw favors, gifts, new friends . . . or anything else asked for! It isn't necessary for you to understand why. What is important is that it has already worked for many others . . . men and women in all walks of life . . . worked every time . . . and it will work for you, too!"

Brings A Pocket Full Of Money!

You'll see how Jerry D. used this method. He was broke a week before payday. All he did, he says, was to dial Photo-Form #1. Suddenly he felt a bulge in his pocket. Lo and behold! He took out a roll of money . . . fives, tens, twenties . . . and more! Obviously, it had been placed there—but when? And by whom?

A Brand New Car Comes!

Marty C., a taxi driver, reports that he just dialed Photo-Form #4, sat back, relaxed, and waited for things to happen. In a short time, great excitement filled the house. His wife came hurrying in, saying, "We won it! We won a car and a cash prize! They just delivered it!" He got up and went to the window. There, big and beautiful,



standing in the driveway, was a brand new Cadillac!

Brings Mate Without Asking!

Mrs. Conrad B. reports that she was tired of "pursuing" her husband, as she called it. She wanted him to voluntarily do the things she longed for, take her places, show affection. But he hadn't looked at her in years. He would fall asleep immediately after supper, or watched the ball games, or read the papers. Secretly Mrs. B. decided to try this method. She dialed Photo-Form #9 for Love! Instantly, her husband's attitude changed from boredom to interest and enthusiasm. And from that day forward, he showered her with kindness and affection! It was like a miracle come true!

The Power Of This Method!

There are so many personal experiences which I could recount, stories of healing, wealth, and happiness with this secret, that I find myself wanting to tell all of them at once. Here are just a few . . .

- **REGAINS HAIR GROWTH!** Walter C. had a shiny bald head with just a fringe of white hair showing around the edges. He tried this method, and soon his hair began to regrow. The new hair came in thick, dark, and luxurious!
- **ROLLS DICE 50 TIMES WITHOUT MISSING ONCE!** You'll see how this secret gave Albert J. the power to roll the dice 50 times, without missing once, and—for the first time in the history of Las Vegas—walk away with $500,000!
- **DISSOLVES ALL EVIL!** You'll see how this amazing secret revealed to Lawrence M. the people who were trying to make him look silly at work—actually revealed their secret thoughts—made them confess and apologize!

If TELECULT POWER can do all this for others, what riches, what rewards, what amazing results can it also bring to you?

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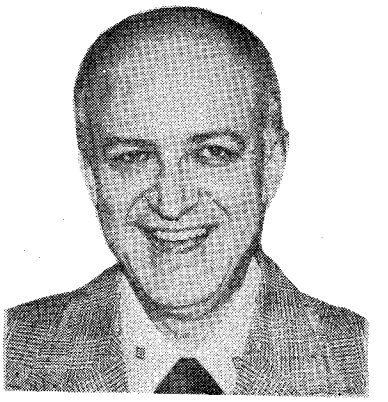
by Hubert Simon



Betty says I was never meant to be a businessman. My lawyer, accountant, analyst and son-in-law all agree (with unnecessary enthusiasm).

Nonetheless, we now own an air-conditioned split-level home and his-and-hers cars. We've been to Europe 14 times in eight years, and criss-crossed the Caribbean.

(Before all this, we'd go to New Hampshire in a beat-up old Plymouth, to sponge on the relatives.) Nowadays it's mink coat, wine cellar and gourmet dinners for 8 (including the relatives, thank you) without turning a hair.

All this, working HALF the time you wage slaves do. ***(And enjoying it twice as much.)***

People who knew me 'when' whisper, *how did HE ever do it?*

Actually, I have no monopoly on the idea; others have struck the same little 'gold-mine'. (I'll tell you about some of them who put me to shame.)

Let me ask: do you equate 'escape' with 'sacrifice'? I don't! Not any more. *Once you are on track,* you realize that people glued to payrolls are just making it for somebody else.

You CAN start this without leaving your job. You CAN try it out before you burn any bridges. And you can ask those perceptive questions:

"How much capital would I need?"

In 1942, I was a rear-rank buck private at Ft. Monmouth, N. J., earning $21 a month, less deductions. I started this on my own time — nights and weekends. True, I had $200 in the sock, but that also had to cover cigars, beer, nylons — everything. (You don't need 'capital'.)

"Why are you giving away the keys to the kingdom? And if it's so simple, why isn't everybody rich?"

Betty swears I have more fun *writing* about this than doing it! (Writing about it is also profitable.) Actually, hundreds of others have discerned the same little secret and *are* doing it. I believe far more people could, should and would . . . if they just knew how.

"What exactly will you send me? I've 'had' all that inspirational malarkey."

So have I. Let's forget Horatio Alger and deal in specifics. For example:

- **Can you do 3 days' work that will bring in $92,000?** ***(I did, and I'll show you how.)***
- **My checklist of 5 essentials for a 'winner'.**
- **What I obtained for $37 that brought in $26,000** ***(and how you can adapt the same procedure.)***
- **Three key words that helped an Italian immigrant in Pelham, N.Y. amass $300,000.**
- **Why 92 out of 100 'amateurs' never get to first base, until . . .**
- **How to get STARTED (without that one little stumbling block).**

Of course, it's not ALL peaches and cream. We make mistakes. Some days it rains. I can't *promise* that you'll be a rich man. (But you certainly can LIVE like one!)

And I *do* guarantee this: the *pleasure* will begin long before you kiss the boss goodbye. You won't be *bored.* The gratification of seeing your own 'flower' grow is half the fun. Not to mention the ease-up of *tension* . . . the freedom of working *when you feel like it.* (Once you have it, the Money becomes less Sacred.)

Nothing I ever did was so downright exciting as that flush of pure joy the first time I realized we were *'in'*. That really hit home! Don't pass through without giving yourself a chance to experience that thrill.

How about it? Why not stop jumping every time the phone rings? Why not get old J.B.'s frown out of your nightmares? PAY THOSE *!#% BILLS! Take the afternoon off . . . *every* afternoon!

Sounds too good? I've been doing it for 23 years. I'm betting you can, too. Why not let me prove it?

$1,000 worth . . . for only $10?

Perhaps you think this is just a "gimmick"? But it's not.

Actually, my fees for *personal* counsel are out of sight. If you want it straight from the horse's mouth, bring along $1,000 . . . plus travel expenses.

But why bother? *The identical information,* in an ordinary gray cover, is only $10. It won't win artistic awards, but if what's inside doesn't knock you out, return it within 30 days and get back *your own uncashed check.* (No questions.)

Do You Qualify?

When people ask, "What training do you need?" I recall Somerset Maugham's story, "The Verger", about a janitor who used to clean St. Peter's Church until a young Vicar discovered that he was illiterate, and fired him.

Jobless, the man invested his meager savings in a tiny tobacco shop, where he prospered, bought another, expanded, and ended up with a chain worth $150,000.

One day his banker said, "You've done well for an illiterate, but where would you be if you could *read and write?*"

"Well," he said, "I'd be janitor of St. Peter's Church in Neville Square."

HERE'S MY 30-DAY GUARANTEE:

Get Your Own Check Back!

I won't deposit your check or money order for 30 days. (Digest, appraise, TRY this. PROVE that it really can be.) Then, if you wish, just return it and get back your own $10 check.

Hubert Simon
1280 Saw Mill River Rd.
Yonkers, N.Y. 10710

All right, Hubert, I'll take that bet. Send "Out of the Rat Race (and Into the Chips!") *But don't deposit my check yet.*

If I bounce it back within 30 days, you'll return my own check or money order by *AIRMAIL.* With that understanding, I enclose $10.

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